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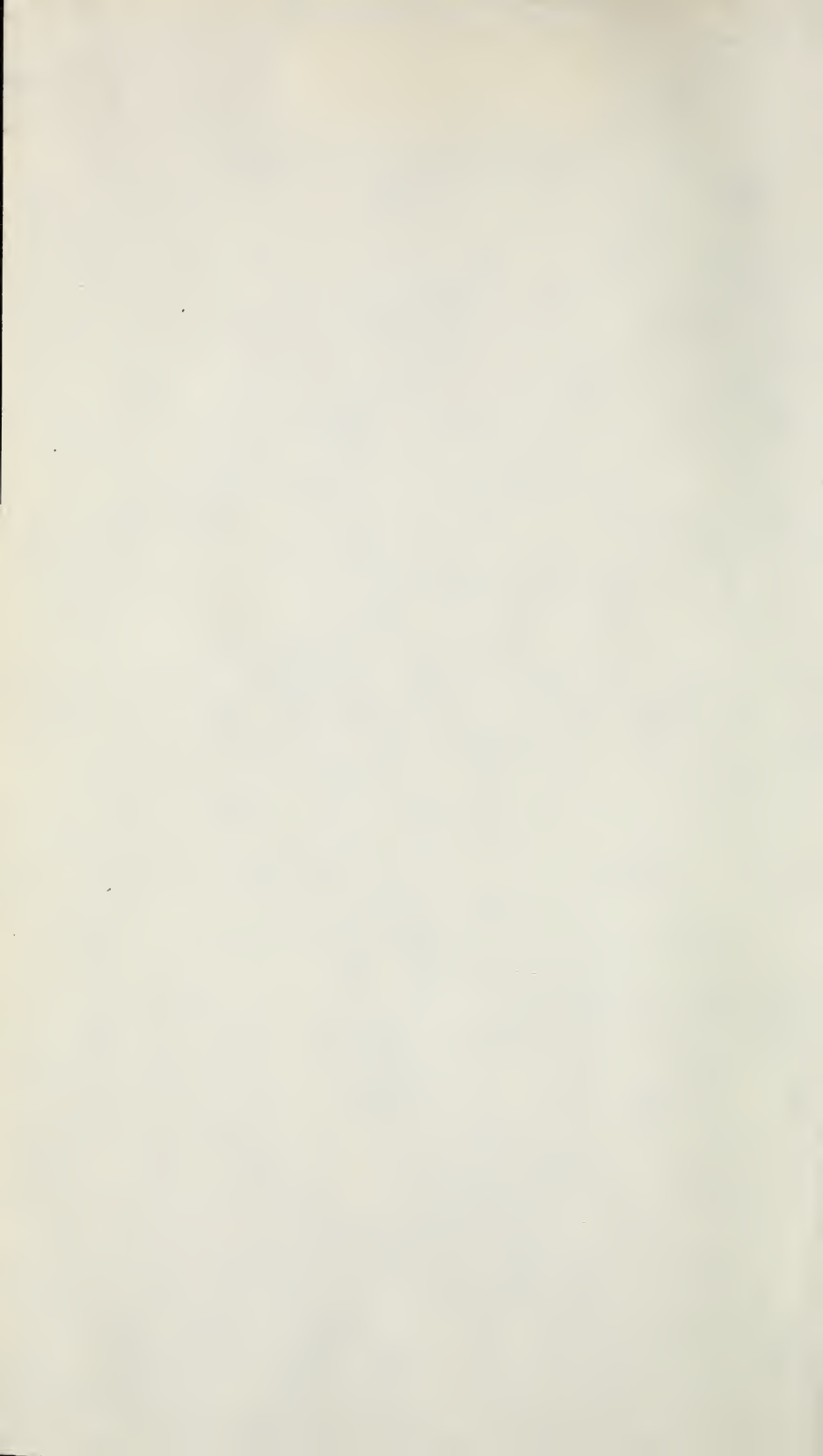
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ANNALS

OF THE

Early Settlers' Association

OF

CUYAHOGA COUNTY.

Vol. II
NUMBER XI.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

CLEVELAND, OHIO:
THE CLEVELAND PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.
1890.

THE ANNALS IN VOLUMES.

The first six numbers constitute Vol. I. The seventh number, published in 1886, and the five that follow, will constitute Vol. II. The paging of the second volume accords with this arrangement.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

September 1, 1888.

1746556

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

1890.

HON. HARVEY RICE, President.

HON. JOHN HUTCHINS, }
MRS. J. A. HARRIS, } Vice-Presidents.

THOMAS JONES, JR., Secretary.

SOLON BURGESS, Treasurer.

REV. ALBERT B. PUTNAM, Chaplain.

H. M. ADDISON, Marshal.

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HON. A. J. WILLIAMS,

R. T. LYON,

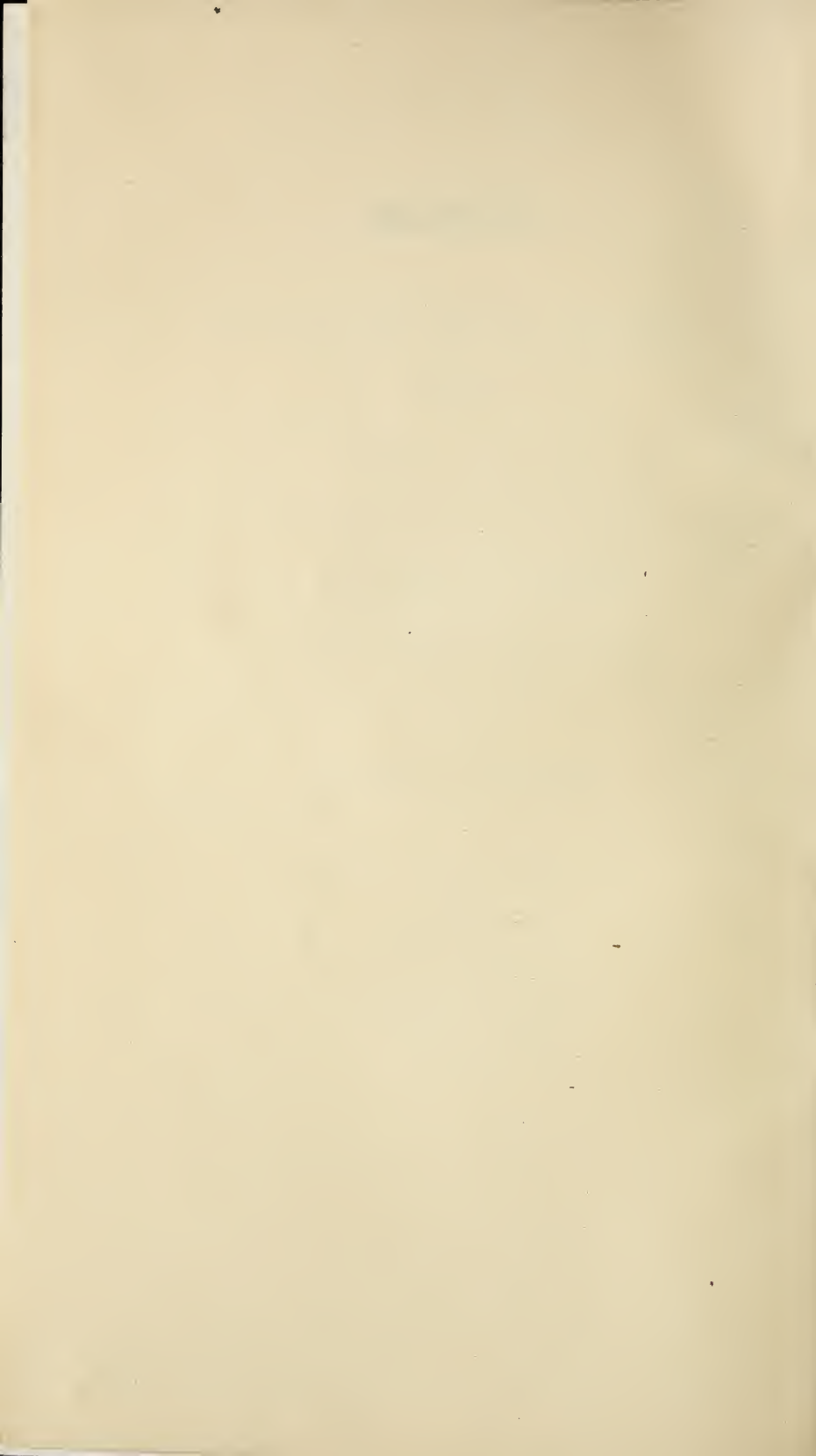
DARIUS ADAMS,

JOHN H. SARGENT,

W. S. KERRUISH,

WILSON S. DODGE,

SOLON BURGESS.



The Early Settlers' Anniversary.

July 22, 1890.

The Early Settlers' Association of Cuyahoga County convened at Music Hall, in the City of Cleveland, at 10 o'clock A. M., it being their eleventh anniversary.

The day was remarkably cool and pleasant. The greetings and interviews between "old acquaintances" were not only delightful but sincere.

The exercises of the day were interspersed and enlivened by eminent musical talent, both vocal and instrumental. Mrs. C. W. Stearns, of Cleveland, charmed the audience with several songs rendered in a sweet voice and in artistic style. The Kimberley Trio also favored the audience with several songs which were rendered with an effect that won repeated applause. The Germania orchestra, always approved, discoursed eloquent music from the lips of brazen-throated instruments.

The Association of Early Settlers received many new memberships, and the exercises were very generally pronounced as heretofore unsurpassed in interest. Soon after the appointed hour of meeting, President Rice, with Vice-President Mrs. J. H. Harris on his right and Vice-President Hon. John Hutchins on his left, called the assemblage to order, when the exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. H. M. Ladd, followed with an address by President Rice.

ADDRESS.

BY HON. HARVEY RICE, PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ASSOCIATION: It gives me great pleasure to be present on this occasion and to share with you the enjoyment of its exercises and festivities.

The subject which I have chosen for my address at this time relates to the Shaker settlement in Warrensville township, in this county, known as North Union. This settlement has been declining for some years past in wealth and population, and has quite recently become extinct. Like ancient Troy, it was, but is not. All that is now left of it belongs to history, and should go into the pioneer history of the Western Reserve as a memorial leaflet worthy of preservation.

The late denizens of North Union were known to the outside world as Shakers, but they preferred to call themselves "Believers," because they not only believed in the truth of Holy Writ, but in the divinity of Ann Lee, who was in fact a remarkable character, a smart little woman, that could not be controlled, but would, like some of the smart women of our times, speak in public.

Ann Lee was born February 29th, 1736, at Manchester, England. She was the daughter of a blacksmith, a poor man, who gave her no education, but placed her at an early age in a cotton mill for the sake of the little pittance she could earn. She possessed a peculiar temperament, which was at times violent, and at other times hysterical.

She married in early life a young blacksmith, and became the mother of four children, all of whom died in infancy. This severe bereavement inspired her with strange delusions, and with a belief that she ought not to have married; but should have lived a life of virgin celibacy. She dreamed mysterious dreams which she regarded as spiritual revelations. She soon became a religious enthusiast, and began to exhort and preach her new doctrines in the streets of Manchester, and declared that the end of the world was at hand. This attracted public attention, and soon acquired for her more or less followers, who professed to believe not only in her utterances, but that all the powers of heaven and earth had been given into her hands.

The disturbance she created in the streets induced the public authorities to arrest her and place her in prison.

When released from imprisonment she declared that while in prison a great light shown round about her at midnight, and that Jesus Christ appeared and stood before her, and became one with her in form and spirit. Hence she insisted that Christ came to earth to reign in her person, and that she was the "Bride of the Lamb."

This absurdity shocked the moral sense of the public, and soon aroused a threatening outcry of indignation against her. When she saw that her life was in danger at Manchester, she promptly received, as she said, a revelation from heaven to emigrate to America. She took a sudden departure from Manchester, and landed in the City of New York, August 16th, 1774, accompanied by her husband and a few disciples, five males and two females. Her husband, however, soon became disgusted and left her, because she taught the doctrine of celibacy, and insisted that men and women should live on earth as the angels do in heaven, and neither marry nor be given in marriage.

From New York she proceeded to Albany, where she remained for two years, obtained a few proselytes, and then retired into the wilderness about eight miles from Albany, where she located with her converts on the spot now known as the village of Watervliet. Here the colony still flourishes, it is said.

In her teachings Ann Lee advocated peace, denounced war, and refused to take the colonial oath of allegiance as prescribed by the American authorities. This refusal led to her arrest and imprisonment, in 1780, on the charge of being a British spy. On examination, however, Ann was soon released. Her imprisonment was regarded by her friends as dictated by a spirit of persecution. But as a matter of fact, it proved to be a lucky occurrence in promoting her success, as it gave her notoriety and had the effect of increasing the number of her converts. She traveled and preached her new gospel, and the people from far and near flocked to see and hear the "Female Christ," as they called her.

Her disciples believed that she was immortal, and would never die. But death overtook her in 1784. Her disciples, however, insisted

that she still remained with them in spirit, though not bodily visible. At any rate her new gospel took root, and, like the grain of mustard seed, grew and so extended its branches as to gather converts here and there throughout a half-dozen or more States of our National Union. Several of these branches threw their grateful shadows upon the soil of Ohio, in which converts, like the birds of the air, have lodged and found shelter.

The late branch of North Union, at Warrensville, was founded by Ralph Russell, in 1822, under the auspices of the elders of Union Village, a branch community located in Warren county, in the southern part of the State. Ralph was born August 3rd, 1789, at East Windsor, Conn., received a common school education, and emigrated to the Western Reserve with a young wife in 1812, and settled in the wilds of Warrensville township, upon a tract of land which he had purchased. Here he erected, with the aid of a few kind neighbors, a log house, cleared off a little patch of his land and let in the sunlight. Ralph Russell was a man of thought, and much inclined to discuss the doctrines of the religious creeds of his day. In 1821 he visited the Shakers of Union Village in Warren county, and after a free discussion with them accepted the new gospel of the second advent of Christ in the person of Ann Lee. On his return home, he announced his faith in the new revelation, the central idea of which is "virgin celibacy." Whether his affectionate young wife accepted this new revelation or not does not appear in the history of the times.

In many respects Ralph was a remarkable man. In person he was tall, graceful and dignified. In temperament mild and amiable. In speech deliberate and logical. He soon obtained by his persuasive powers a goodly number of converts in his vicinity to the new faith, and resolved to establish a church, or branch community, for the concentration of his new recruits. For this purpose he selected a spot in the uncleared part of his land and erected a cluster of log cabins, which resembled a village of Indian wigwams. This may be accepted as the birthday of North Union. This new branch community, under the auspices of its founder, aided by the elders from Union Village, grew rapidly in the acquisition of proselytes and in material wealth. Ralph was the leading elder and central figure—

a position which he enjoyed with a high degree of heartfelt pride.

But in 1826, in an evil hour for Ralph, there came a superior in the Shaker eldership, a popular and eloquent man, from Union Village, who eclipsed Ralph in tact and ability, and who took the leadership at North Union into his own hands. His name was Ashbel Hitchel. This assumption of authority by Ashbel so disgusted Ralph that he repudiated the doctrine of celibacy, purchased a farm in Solon township, to which he retired with his family, where he spent his remaining days in domestic felicity, believing in the divinity of his affectionate wife, as every married man should, whether he believes in anything else or not. After a long and somewhat eccentric life of seventy-eight years, Ralph Russell died, at Solon, highly esteemed and sincerely lamented by his many friends.

Ashbel Hitchel, though brilliant as a passing comet, continued only for a brief period in the leadership at North Union; and then, comet-like, disappeared. He was succeeded by Richard W. Pelham, who was said to be a man of erudition, learned in the Greek and Hebrew languages, and who had given to the world a new translation of the Bible. He continued in the leadership at North Union for a good number of years, and brought many new converts into the fold of "single blessedness." The position of the leadership, or chief eldership, has always been regarded by the Shakers as an office of eminent dignity. The entire number who have enjoyed this dignity, during the career of the community at North Union, is some twenty or more, among whom were six by the name of Russell, and all of whom were directly or remotely akin to each other. The subordinate elders and sisters who shared in the government and administration of affairs were numerous. They were held responsible for the proper discharge of their official duties in the several departments assigned them.

The community at North Union, in its palmy days, consisted of about three hundred souls. The whole number it received into its care and guardianship during its career of sixty-eight years could hardly have been less than from two to three thousand. In effect, North Union was a charitable retreat, where the destitute and the unfortunate, especially in the pioneer days of the country, on accepting the new faith, were kindly received and supplied with all the

physical comforts of life. But few were able-bodied men. Most of them came with broken constitutions. They consisted mainly of disappointed old bachelors, widowers and widows, orphan boys and girls, with a sprinkling of ancient maidens, who were ready to do everything except tell their ages.

All property, whether coming from individuals, or from earnings, was held in common by the community for the benefit of all its members. On becoming a member, every individual, if he had any property, was required to surrender it to the common fund. The community acquired fourteen hundred acres of excellent land, nearly all of which was donated by the Russells. The community was divided into three families, the Central Family, the Mill Family and the East Farm Family. About the first thing they did was to build a school house and house of worship. They then erected a saw mill, a flouring mill, a woolen factory and other manufacturing establishments, which they carried along in connection with agriculture, horticulture and stock raising. In this way they soon acquired a large wealth, and became an important element in the commercial prosperity of this region of the country.

The Shakers are a peculiar people, both in creed and character. They believe in a dual God—a divine fatherhood and motherhood, and in a dual Christ, who has made his second advent in the person of Ann Lee. Hence the Shakers have deified her. Yet the deification of woman is nothing new. The ancient Greeks deified more or less of their shrewd women, while we Americans not only revere them as an angelhood, but in fact have come pretty near deifying all of them.

The Shakers' creed not only recognizes a paternal and maternal Godhead, but a barren celibacy, together with spiritualism and dancing. If all mankind believed in celibacy and practiced it, the human race would soon become extinct, Shakers and all. Their belief in dancing, as a method of divine worship, is founded on the fact that David danced before the ark of the covenant. Most of our young people, as well as the Shakers, believe in dancing, though not in the same sense.

Some thirty years ago, it was my privilege to attend Shaker worship

on the Sabbath, at North Union. It was an occasion of novel interest to me. The worshipers consisted of men and women, boys and girls in about equal numbers. The females took their seats on one side of the hall and the males on the other. All sat in silence for the space of half an hour, as if engaged in silent prayer. Some of the old folks sat with bowed heads, and some with eyes lifted skyward. The boys and girls looked at each other, exchanging now and then a sly wink.

At last the spirit moved an elderly sister, who rose and broke the silence with an eloquent exhortation. When she closed, silence again prevailed. Then the spirit moved an elderly brother, who, with a solemn expression of face, proclaimed the glad tidings of the new gospel as revealed by Mother Lee. Silence followed. Then came the signal for the dance. The men and boys took off their coats and hung them on pegs projecting from the wall, and took their places in long jackets and shirt-sleeves. The women hung up their bonnets and shawls in like manner. Then all standing in a row, facing each other, the song and dance commenced. The tune was lively and exciting. All kept step to the music with a double shuffle and shaking of the body. It was this "shake" that gave them the name of Shakers. They all seemed to enjoy the dance, especially the boys and girls. This devout exercise soon threw them all into a free perspiration. The effect in a sanitary, if not in a spiritual point of view, must have been beneficial. At the close of the dance the services closed.

It is said that more than one thousand different religions are prevalent in the world. All creeds have their merits. Every human being, whether civilized or savage, believes in an invisible power superior to himself, because he cannot help it. Hence, there never was and never will be, strictly speaking, an infidel or an atheist, call them what you will.

In the composition of American character the Shakers constitute an honest element—an element that is much needed in this selfish age of prevalent frauds and food adulterations. "Honest as a Shaker" has become a proverb, or rather a compliment, when spoken of a modern tradesman. An honest man, it has been truly said, is the "noblest work of God." The world, however, is in no immediate danger of being overstocked with honest men.

Say what we will of the Shakers, they are not only an honest but a conscientious, peace-loving and industrious people. Their mission consists in living a pure life—a life that is not only blameless, but philanthropic. They have gathered into their fold and kind guardianship from the outside world many thousands of the poor and needy, the widow and the orphan, and rescued them from a life of destitution, if not from a life of moral degradation. They still have many flourishing communities.

There is no good reason, as it seems to me, why these communities should not be encouraged.

In a word, there are but few people, if any, who lead purer lives, or share more of heaven on earth, than the Shakers. It should, therefore, be a matter of regret that the community of North Union has ceased to exist. Its career terminated in May, 1890. Nevertheless, North Union has left to history a rich bequest—an exemplification of character that is not less memorable than it is morally beautiful.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The Executive Committee congratulates the Association upon the presence, in improved health, of our honored president, and extends to him its thanks for the complete programme of exercises for the meeting to-day; and it is due to him that it should be said that he has generously and ably relieved the committee of substantially its entire labor.

The Early Settlers' Association of Cuyahoga County has become a permanent organization. There is no diminution of public interest in its work and prosperity; and although there has been from year to year an increase in its necrological report, the yearly addition to the membership has, to this date, been in excess of the annual number of deaths reported.

In the first number of our published Annals will be found the names of sixty-eight citizens who joined in the call for a public meet-

ing at the Probate Office in the Fall of 1879, to organize an Early Settlers' Association. Of that number only thirty-nine are living to-day.

Of the twenty-eight persons who have been members of the Association and who were born prior to the year 1800, only one survives—the venerable and beloved John Doan.

The following list of deaths since our last meeting embraces all that have come to the knowledge of the Committee :

Mrs. J. A. Andrews, Robert Bailey, F. M. Benham, Lucius Barney, Mrs. Silas Belden, Mrs. Phebe Condit, Edwin Cowles, G. L. Chapman, Thomas Corlett, W. H. Doan, Oliver Emerson, Sardis Edgerton, M. Eckerman, William Ferris, Geo. Freeman, Saml. Foljambe, I. L. Gleason, Mrs. Sophia Garfield, C. A. J. Hamlen, Arthur Hughes, O. C. Hubbell, Chas. Hickox, H. R. Hadlow, Mrs. M. R. Johnson, Mrs. Moses Kelley, L. A. Kelsey, Margaret Lloyd, John Marshall, Mrs. Geo. B. Merwin, Louis Moreau, Mrs. A. W. Morgan, Sophia E. Palmer, Mary A. Radcliff, E. A. Scoville, John Shelley, D. A. Shepard, Chas. A. Suhr, Samantha D. Slade, Daniel R. Tilden, Benajah Williams, George Williams.

Attention is called to the annual report of the Treasurer, showing the financial condition of the Association; and, that it may not become embarrassed in its finances, the Executive Committee asks attention to the first article of its Constitution.

The Committee suggests the propriety of incorporating into the Constitution the substance of the resolution relating to Honorary Membership, which was adopted at the last meeting of the Association.

A. J. WILLIAMS,
Chairman.

(Upon the foregoing suggestion of the Executive Committee, the following was unanimously adopted as an amendment to the Constitution, to be inserted in Article VI, after the word "Committee," to wit: "All nominations for honorary membership shall be referred for consideration to the Executive Committee, and only upon its favorable report thereon shall final action be taken.")

REPORT OF SOLON BURGESS, TREASURER.

1889.

July 22, Balance cash on hand	\$ 117 44
37 new members paid	37 00
331 old " paid	330 50
Sale of lunch tickets	10 50
" four Annals	1 00
	<hr/> \$ 496 44

1889.

EXPENSES.

July 24, Paid John Messer—music	\$ 15 00
" 25, " W. H. Doan—use of hall	40 00
" 29, " Short & Forman—lunch tickets	2 25
Oct. 19, " Printing Annals	153 05
" 28, " Expenses of invited guests	18 00
" " H. M. Addison—collecting dues	35 00
Nov. 26, " H. M. Brainard—use of piano	5 00
Dec. 7, " Heyse & Weisgerber—luncheon	120 00

1890.

July 22, Balance cash on hand	108 14
	<hr/> \$ 496 44
July 22, Balance cash on hand	\$ 108 14

It will be noticed that the Association has not quite as much money on hand as it had a year ago, and that \$35 has been paid for collecting membership dues. This sum might be saved to the Association if the members would pay the money in to the Treasurer. All of which is respectfully submitted.

SOLON BURGESS, Treas.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

On motion of Hon. John A. Foote, the officers of last year were re-elected, with the exception of Chaplain, the vacancy in which office was created by the death of Rev. Thomas Corlett, and filled by the election of Rev. Albert B. Putnam.

W. H. DOAN.

A EULOGY ON HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

[By REV. DR. H. M. LADD.]

The eulogy was not written, but pronounced orally. It was as excellent in sentiment as it was eloquent in language. It is to be much regretted that it cannot appear in print as pronounced from the genial and learned doctor. The newspaper report gave but a meagre account of its substance. It simply said that Dr. Ladd's remarks, while brief, were feelingly delivered. He said that it was fitting that the old settlers should gather in the hall beloved by Mr. Doan, and recall his life, character, and beneficence. "Mr. Doan was not a great man in political power or business success," said the speaker, "but he was great because his loving soul was filled with love for God and man. That was his greatness. He was a man of noble birth, for he could trace his ancestry back to the days of the landing of the Mayflower. It is a fact not generally known that the first religious service ever held in Cleveland was held at the house of his grandfather, Nathaniel Doan, in 1797. He went to California in the early days, and struggled to make a living. This made him a brotherly man to every other man. It was the passion of his life to give for the necessary needs of suffering humanity. His home life was a model, and he wanted everyone to be saved. That is why we have this beautiful Music Hall in which we are assembled."

In order to give the readers of the "Annals" a fuller account of the life and career of our honored and lamented fellow-citizen, W. H. Doan, who was a member of the Early Settlers' Association, we append the following, clipped from one of our Cleveland newspapers:

FLAT ROCK, N. C., May 3, 1890.

Halsey D. Miller, Cleveland, O.:

Mr. Doan died this morning. Will reach home Monday morning.

P. H. SAWYER.

The above telegram received yesterday morning by Mr. Doan's nephew, from Dr. P. H. Sawyer, brought sadness to many hearts, for

it told of the passing away of a man, like whom there are none too many—a man whose days were filled with good deeds—a man who lived not unto himself alone.

William Halsey Doan, manufacturer and philanthropist, was born in Cuyahoga county, July 3, 1828. He was the son of Hon. Job Doan, a prominent citizen of the county in its early days, and grandson of Nathan Doan, who came to Cleveland as early as 1798. His education was secured in the public schools, the Shaw Academy, of Euclid, and Mr. Beatty's preparatory school. He was 20 years old when he became a student in the law office of Hitchcock, Wilson & Wade. At the age of 21, in company with some sixty others, among whom was the present Senator John P. Jones, he started for the California gold fields. He doubled Cape Horn, and after a wearisome journey of nine months reached San Francisco without a dollar. He worked with a shovel on the streets of that city to get enough money to take him to the mines. In a few months he was ready to join a party bound for the region near the Feather river. There he became a miner. After a whole decade of adventurous and arduous life in the mines, he turned his face toward the rising sun. He landed in Cleveland in September, 1860, poorer in this world's goods than when, full of hope, he set out some eleven years before. In 1861 he married Miss E. J. Hemmel, of New York, who survives him. In 1862 he became a brakeman on the Oil Creek Railroad, and was soon promoted to "tally man." In 1864, in company with Messrs. G. W. N. Yost and Oliver Young, he entered the commission business in Corry, Pa. In 1866 he again sought the home of his youth, becoming a member of the firm of Harkness & Doan, which supplied crude petroleum to the refiners. It was at this point in his career that he reached that

"Tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

His tide was taken at the flood. His rise in the business world was almost instantaneous, and he became in a very short time a wealthy man. In 1870 he bought out the interest of Mr. Harkness. He pushed the business with increasing success until 1873, when most of the Cleveland refineries were bought out by the Standard Oil Com-

pany. That year he engaged in the manufacture of kerosene oil and naphtha, and later of naphtha exclusively, becoming its largest manufacturer in the country. Though he had retired from active business for a number of years, Mr. Doan retained large interests in the business in which he achieved his financial success.

Mr. Doan was in many respects a remarkable man, but in none more so than in the strong religious instinct that dominated his character. Immersion in worldly affairs never lessened his interest in the things of the spirit. Unlike most men, he did not attribute his success to his own talents, but deemed its fruits a gift from God, which he only held in trust. Consequently he made it the purpose of his life to do all the good he could, and royally did he put that purpose in action. He built the People's Tabernacle on the corner of Ontario and St. Clair streets, and thus provided the public with scores of entertainments of a highly beneficial character. He brought to Cleveland numbers of the prominent moral workers of the day—Moody and Sankey, Francis Murphy, and others—and the results of their labors cannot be estimated. When the day of the old Tabernacle had passed, he contributed most of the funds for the erection of Music Hall—another monument to his unselfish liberality. More recently he erected the building for the Doan Natatorium—a much needed as well as useful improvement. These are only a few of the more striking of his deeds of philanthropy.

Somewhat over a year ago Mr. Doan's powerful constitution began to show signs of breaking down with an insidious kidney disease. In the latter part of February last he went south, hoping that a change of climate would restore him to health. His first stop was at Asheville, N. C., where, after undergoing treatment prescribed by Dr. Sawyer, his family physician, who accompanied him, he improved. Several weeks ago he left Asheville, going to Hendersonville. Soon after he reached there, blood poisoning set in, resulting in his decease. His remains will arrive in the city to-morrow.

At the close of the eulogy by Rev. Dr. Ladd, the Association adjourned till 2 o'clock to partake of refreshments and enjoy a social chit-chat.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

REMARKS.

[By REV. J. H. JONES, of Mt. Union.]

What Rev. Mr. Jones said was not written, but was happily said and received by the audience with a high degree of appreciation and delight. It is a pity his remarks cannot be reproduced in print as he made them. The most that can be given of them is the following report, published by one of our city newspapers :

The first speaker of the afternoon was Rev. J. H. Jones, of Mt. Union. He spoke especially of the early days on the Western Reserve, and told how the children were raised. Those were the days of pure maple sugar and gingerbread, and home-made pies. "No-body could make pies like our mothers," he said. "One great trouble is that we are getting old, and we don't taste like we used to. The young people don't know how to court now as we used to. It is no fun to go out in a buggy and giggle as the young people do now. When we went to singing school we got our girls up behind us on a horse. I had a bright-eyed girl once who weighed about three hundred pounds, and I only weighed eighty, but I loved her, for there was a good deal of her. When I took her anywhere I put her on in front, for the horse was stronger in that part. The women then did not look like they do now. They were built straight up. Thank God

THEY DIDN'T CHEW GUM, EITHER.

Those were the kind of women who were the mothers of the boys who put down the Rebellion. We are growing old in years, but we are young in spirit. Let us prepare for the country where there are no forests to be hewed. We are growing old, and we will never all meet together again, but I thank God that I am enabled to look into your faces again. Come together, greet each other, and make life pleasant for everyone as long as you remain. You are almost home, and I believe that God will have some regard for the people who laid the foundation of this blessed country. You have made the most

beautiful country on earth along this lake shore. You have done something, and you have blessed your generation."

Rev. Mr. Jones is seventy-seven years of age, but he closed his remarks by singing a beautiful song in a clear and musical voice. The song was an old-time one, and brought forth unbounded applause from the pioneers present.

DANIEL R. TILDEN.

A EULOGY BY W. S. KERRUISH, ESQ.

Since last we met, there has passed from our sight a figure long familiar to these gatherings, who, if he was not in an exact sense a member of this organization, was always a welcome guest at its festivities; that presence we shall see no more forever.

No memorabilia more deserving could find place among the archives of this society than appropriate notice and fair estimate of the late Daniel R. Tilden. Matter of regret indeed, it is, that the occasion does not permit a more elaborate performance, and that the duty has not fallen into abler hands.

Judge Tilden was of an old New England family. He was born in the town of Lebanon, in the State of Connecticut—that vigorous little commonwealth whence has come to us so much of the best blood, and brain and enterprise of this community—near the beginning of the century, and about the year 1806 or 1807. What is to the generation to-day historic, was to him matter of eyesight and personal recollection. He saw the British fleet weigh anchor and disappear from New London, when peace came after the war of 1812; and he was familiar with many of the old heroes and actors in the scenes of the first American Revolution. To some of us these things are beginning to put on the glamour of antiquity. In the early days of March of the year 1890, in his quiet home, in the great city which may be said to have had neither name nor inhabitants at

the time of his birth, and with whose marvelous growth, by the inland sea, he had been for more than a generation prominently identified, and, after a long life of usefulness and honorable activity, he quietly entered upon his final rest.

From his early manhood he was in many respects a character of mark and distinction in several directions. The period of his life stretched over a time especially rich in striking events, and abounding in what the world has been pleased to call great men. Of these events he was an attentive observer, and, among these men, he was by natural ability among the foremost. Yet it has been often the writer's fortune, as it has undoubtedly been that of others present, when—in modest self-comparison—he spoke of his contemporaries who had made more or less noise in the world, to hear him under-rate himself; and, in his own peculiar vein—half serious, half comical—allude regretfully to the incompleteness of his life work, betraying a sort of reproachful consciousness that the sum of his accomplishment had fallen short of his competence and opportunity; or, in other words, and more nearly in his own language, that he had been, to some extent, dwarfed and hindered by the exacting and narrow routine of his surroundings. I refer especially now to his long occupancy of the Probate Office in this county. How much sincerity may have been in these apparent regrets, or whether they were echoes mostly of the opinions or utterances of others, is uncertain. If, in common with some, he really entertained this view, then it is to be feared he never fully appreciated the fact that the true heroism of life consists in the faithful and thorough performance of life's common every-day duties.

At the age of eighteen, young Tilden went to Virginia, and was for two or three years in the counting house of an uncle at Richmond; but tiring, as it would seem, of a commercial career, he drifted to Northern Ohio, somewhere about 1827 or 1828. A fair New England education seems now to have been of good service to him, for almost immediately he appears to have been installed as the village pedagogue. In this new vocation he displayed considerable energy. Tradition is silent as to his manner of government, or the style of his instruction. We may be sure, if there was wanting the correct and elegant scholarship of Arnold, there were not wanting

the great teacher's personal magnetism and wealth of illustration. At any rate, before the first term of his school was over, with the same facility with which in after years he made conquest of men, he laid siege to and won the heart and hand of the fairest maiden in the village, who was also, at the time of the secret wooing and marriage, one of his pupils. We may omit the old maidenly gossip, that parental consent was not obtained until refusal was too late, for the union was in all respects a most happy one. After the lapse of fifty years, since she left his side, have I seen his eye moisten, and noticed his voice falter, as there rose in memory a vision of her womanly graces and her early death.

But here, with a dependent wife, was a young man altogether too large and many sided for the little school house, endowed with talent enough of high order, but, unfortunately for him, not of that precise kind which finds a profitable market in communities sparsely settled and new; so that next we hear of him in some sporadic experiences in a country store, clerking and merchandizing. We may be sure that he exhibited no particular symptoms of the great merchant, except the one insufficient particular of making hosts of friends. Indeed, of these, he made too many. It would be unsuitable to the proprieties of this occasion to repeat some of the amusing stories, (which no one enjoyed better than himself) of the unique and primitive method in which he measured out sugar, and shot, and scythe-snaths, and dealt in castor oil and calico.

Just about this time his neighbors conferred the ermine upon him by electing him their justice of the peace. He had not held the ancient and honorable office long, before another marked character appeared on the scene by some unexplainable attraction, in the person of a ruddy-faced, rollicking youth, of infinite wit, also, who, later on, became well known to us all as Judge Robert F. Paine. And he was the high constable of young Tilden's court. Here was an uncommonly odd and strong combination of future possibilities. In the case of them both, it was foreordained—though it does not always happen so in Justice's offices—that their unpromising environment could not long hem them in.

It was at this time that the quick eye of the late Judge Spalding

marked the capabilities of the stalwart, black-haired and impecunious but jovial young stranger, who kept the files of the state of Ohio and subpœnas in a hat, but whose language, even then, was straight to the point and clear as crystal; and to cut short a long matter, highly creditable to both, from becoming Spalding's student, protégé and beneficiary, until admission to the bar (at a time, too, when to obtain the next meal was a scuffle with fate, if we have a correct account of it); he became immediately thereafter his partner, and took rank at once among the strong men of the profession in Ohio at that day.

It is not claimed for him, I believe, that he was what is called a close, scholastic case lawyer. But whilst not deficient in knowledge of the books, he grasped legal principles intuitively; and in some mysterious way he seemed to have become well grounded in general English literature, holding to the last the beauties of the best English authors in a memory most tenacious. Richly endowed with fancy and imagination and a lively wit, and with an exuberant faculty of expression, endowed also with a vast and varied knowledge of human nature, and with all his powers at instant command, he was a formidable opponent at the trial table before court and jury.

He was sometime the Prosecutor of Portage county. It was perhaps natural that, with this temperament and equipment, he should drift into politics. There is a tradition that he was originally a Democrat; but it was as a Whig that, almost half a century ago, he entered the Congressional race and distanced all his older competitors. For two terms he represented the Warren district in the lower house of Congress. In the councils of the nation, he was cotemporary with some of the greatest men this country has produced—men who have long passed into its enduring history, and whose lives and acts illuminate its most brilliant pages. He chose not to remain long enough at Washington to attain that vantage ground of position that a longer stay and his acknowledged ability would certainly have given him. As it was, he became known as a wary and able debator. His sharp controversy with Stephen A. Douglas will occur to you. Nor ought it to be forgotten that the shadow of unpopularity under which he, in common with other faithful and earnest men, fell, was because he opposed the extension of slavery, or the acquisition of territory which

he feared at the time might result in its extension. From an early period his proclivities and utterances were in marked opposition to the slave power, and in favor of human liberty; and, when the true history of the anti-slavery cause shall be fully written, if it ever shall be, it will appear that among the early champions of that cause, whose opinions were advanced and pronounced to the verge of danger for a politician, was Daniel R. Tilden. Therefore, it was natural also that he became an ardent Republican on the formation of that party. Nor is it to be wondered at that he steadily adhered to its fortunes after its great mission was accomplished, and after it had ceased, in the opinion of many, to be especially useful. Indeed, policy played no little part, as would be natural to a politician, in his career. Possibly it might be politer to speak of it as loyalty to party, and let it go at that. I recollect a reference made by him less than two years ago, to one of his speeches in Congress, delivered on the subject of protection—"Protection to American Industry," so called, and his frank avowal—this was after he was out of office—that, though his argument was an earnest one in favor of the doctrine, he did not, at the time of its delivery understand himself, and that at that time, and ever since, he had been gravely suspicious of his own logic. But this is a condition of party constraint quite common at the present day, and allowable, it seems; and, as foreign to the matter in hand, I pursue it no further. On the question, however, of the wrong of slavery, and his unalterable hostility to it, there was no uncertainty. His sympathies, life-long, were with the poor, the oppressed, the forsaken, nor were they confined to race or creed.

Contrary to what might have been expected, political life and statesmanship, as practiced at Washington, were not congenial to him, and with the close of his second term he turned his ambition away from national politics forever. Not long after his return from Congress, he removed to this city and resumed the practice of the profession, in company with his old friend Paine; and shortly thereafter he was elected to the office of Judge of Probate of this county, and by successive elections was continued in that highly important position for the unexampled term of thirty-three years. And here may be said, after all, to have been the life work of the man, though

amply endowed for loftier position, and for which work all his previous experiences were but a wider preparation than commonly occurs or is generally appreciated. He had mingled with all classes, the best of the land, the wittiest, the wisest; he knew the vanities and pomps of life; he knew human nature in all its strength and all its weakness; and added to this, he brought to that work such a union of candor and honesty, and patience, and accessibility and sagacity, and dignified simplicity, as has been rarely known. How little did the swelling pretentiousness of tremendous learning and wisdom, or the artificial dignity of state and feathers in which weaker men have been seen to preside and strut in other courts we wot of—how little did these things add to the genuine worth of his public administration! How infinitely much did his plain, accessible, good heartedness, ever ready to temper justice with mercy and kindness, open always to the coal-heaver, the rag-a-muffin and the tramp, as well as to the gentle born and influential—how much did this add to the real dignity of the situation!

He was, in fact, simplicity itself. It was said of Sidney Smith, the witty Canon of St. Paul, that in the whole realm of England not many judges could be found who, when begowned and bewigged, and to that extent ready for business, were wholly at ease in the keen parson's presence. But Judge Tilden's own quick sense of the ridiculous did not permit him to indulge in judicial frippery or war paint of any kind. The "Bench," so called—I mean not the ideal judgment seat, but the tall box, fashioned by rural commissioners according to some archaic superstition of a mystical union between wood and brains in the Court House, into which like boxes so many are fain to climb, to the havoc sometimes of private rights, and sometimes, fortunately, to their own discomfiture, (my recollection is that there was such an article in some of his back rooms)—was in his case for the most part a receptacle for old hats and coats and cobwebs. He seldom enthroned himself on the county furniture in solemn state. He was the sworn enemy of little mischievous rules, in which some judges delight, and of red tape in every form.

To those then who associated the typical dignity of the bench with a pompous formality of any kind, Judge Tilden could not pass an ex-

amination. He would fall below the standard. Few men or women, however, of discernment came into his presence who were not impressed by a sense of his ability and sound judgment. In his judicial opinions—now I must explain myself a little, that is to say, the prosy and interminable speeches sometimes delivered from the aforesaid high boxes, pronounced mainly to enable rural bystanders to know that the Judge is a great talker too, greater even than the lawyer, and for mental calisthenics, and to get solid with the country delegate—in this department, in which he was not ambitious, whenever he had occasion to give reasons at length, his utterances were models of concise statement. He never floundered in vain repetitions, but went straight to the point, with here and there a dash of humor, it might be, or with a graceful touch of irony or sharp sarcasm, if need were; but with clearness and good sense always. No man possessed the faculty of unraveling a matted and entangled web of false, and true and contradictory testimony, of eliciting therefrom the truth running through it like a slender thread, better than Daniel R. Tilden. If there was a humorous side to it, he failed not to appropriate it. If there were pathetic features, he caught them as well.

It has been said of him that he listened to the tale last told, (it is something to listen to even that.) But if so, we may be sure it was the tale of sorrow and distress; and, if sometimes sympathy outran and got a trifle the better of the judgment, it was a failing that generally inclined at least to virtue's side.

Like other judges we have in mind, far his inferiors in every way, unworthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes, he was sensitive to public criticism. There is no proof that he stood in awe of a powerful or venal press. I know he could not be dogged nor terrorized by it from the plain performance of a duty. He was too robust for that. Yet it is hardly a fancy that he was not so resolute in the frowning face of untoward appearances as he might have been. You will recall the incident, and the alleged effect of it, of Gidding's threatened application for a writ of habeas corpus for the Oberlin rescuers. He lived himself to regret in later years the considerations which deterred him from responding to the professional call of his old friend Ossowattamie Brown, from the depths of his Virginia prison, a call

like that of "an infant crying in the night," in the face of a raving populace, and before the fickle mob were ready to bestow the crown of martyrdom. To state it correctly and fairly, it might be said that, though he was not easily overawed in his convictions, his courage was not of the revolutionary kind. Indeed, to be for thirty-three years, in some sort, the people's servant in office, however eminent and well administered, and to be dependent for the office on that people, must strain the independent spirit of the strongest.

Judge Tilden had his faults; who is without them? To ascribe to him all the virtues even would be to say that he was not human. But, on the other hand, as Carlyle said of Scott: "No sounder piece of manhood was put together in the nineteenth century of time." "Alas, his fine face with its shaggy honesty, sagacity and goodness;" alas, "That good, grey head which all men knew." And so, with form unbent, with natural force unabated, with life's work well done, and not unready, as he viewed it, to have unveiled to him the mysteries unseen, this mortal did put on immortality.

And, take him for all in all, we shall not soon look upon his like again.

A SKETCH OF PIONEER LIFE.

BY ISHAM A MORGAN.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—This Association is composed of men and women all the way from 40 years of age to upward of 90 years. Once a year we meet together to renew old acquaintance and talk over our early experiences in this Western Reserve. We, who spent most of our early life here, and endured the hardships and privations in common with all the very early settlers, probably enjoyed life but little less than the young people of more recent dates. We think of those days with pleasure when joy was usually with us; but a wave of sorrow is the natural result when we reflect that those days are gone never to return.

The pioneers of Cuyahoga county in the early decades of the 19th

century have nearly all passed away. Those who remain have seen wonderful changes since they came, too numerous to mention. The first ones who settled here found the land covered with a dense forest. In this forest they began to bring about what we now see, cultivated fields, and a great commercial and manufacturing city, and flourishing villages.

There are none now living in Cuyahoga county who saw the first trees fall by the woodman's axe. Probably our old friend John Doan can recollect when only a few acres had been cleared in his township, and probably many times he has stripped off coat, and may be hat too, and buckeled in to chopping down trees, and then cut them into suitable lengths for the oxen to haul together, that they might be heaped and burned. In that way they cleared the land for crops.

But pioneers had to have houses to live in, and that was the first thing to be attended to. When a family came for a few days they had to live with another family already housed. In the meantime the men for miles around, turned out and helped build a log cabin for the new-comers to live in.

Seventy-nine years ago our family moved into our new log house, situated four miles from Cleveland, on the line of travel mostly through the woods between Newburgh and Cleveland, and having friends living in Cleveland, we were there frequently. In 1825 I went there to reside, and remained there most of the time till 1834; then in Newburgh again. So I ought to be tolerably well posted on what has been going on in Cleveland and Newburgh since we came, as I was then old enough to run away to our nearest neighbors, and fill my pockets with berries or nuts by the way.

My first distinct recollection of Cleveland dates back to 1812, when I rode behind my father on horseback to Cleveland, which, possibly, then contained twenty families. On the Public Square, near where the lower fount now is, I saw the gallows standing, on which the Indian murderer, John Omic, was hung a few days before. Then there were many large stumps on the Square, and clumps of bushes which extended to the lake, and all along the bank of the lake, from the summit to the beach, the trees were all standing. Under the last of the trees, the old butternut tree—it stood on Water street, a few

feet from the bank—there we heard Lorenzo Dow preach in 1825 or 6. But to resume our 1812 description: On the south side of Superior street, from the Square to near where the American House now is, was woods, except some four or five spaces cleared adjoining the street for as many houses and gardens. Where Prospect-street is now, next to Ontario, was the old cemetery, surrounded by bushes and black-berry briers. Outside of the cemetery, west, south and east, the forest stood in its native grandeur. Only a narrow strip had been cut out for a road where Ontario street is. On Ontario street, a little south of the old cemetery, was a large mound, supposed to be the work of the Mound Builders of prehistoric times. It stood several years after we came before it was made level with the surrounding earth. It has passed away, probably to be forgotten that such a structure ever existed there.

The year 1812 was a notable one for the early settlers. John Omic was hung, war was declared against Great Britain, and the first Court House was built on the Public Square, and on that year our friend, Capt. Lewis Dibble, came to Cleveland. I think that he is the earliest pioneer but one now living in the City of Cleveland.

James Fisk and his brother Moses were the first settlers at the center of Brooklyn. They went there in the Spring of 1812. Not a tree had been cut before they went there to clear a spot for their log cabins. The following Winter, my father, mother and myself went there in a cutter by the way of the Cleveland hamlet, not as big as Newburgh in those days. When we arrived at the foot of Superior street we were ferried over the river. Then a few rods took us to the woods, where the trees were marked for guides through the woods. These, by skillful driving, my father followed, crooking this way and that way to get through among the trees.

After the Fisks had got to raising cereals, in order to get it ground, they put as much in bags as a horse could carry, with a boy to ride and guide the horse and sent the boy with it to the Newburgh mill, by the way of the ferry, and always on arriving at the mill, the considerate miller knowing that wolves, at night, were liable to attack a single horse and rider, ground the boy's grist first of any, so that he could get home before dark.

After the west side of the river had become somewhat settled, a float bridge was built, composed of logs placed side by side and fastened together. For one team, singly, it worked well, but was not reliable for heavy draft. We happened to be near when thirty or forty head of cattle were driven onto the bridge, causing it to settle; the cattle, becoming alarmed, pitched off into the deep water and came up spouting, and then swam for *terra firma*.

The Cuyahoga river, with its late superb bridges over it, is not what it used to be, when a drink from its gentle running water would not poison the thirsty woodman. I remember how we used to catch delicious fish in the river in our boyhood. That finny tribe, which in favorable days brought joy to the angler, has left for parts unknown. And they say that even the catfish have become disgusted with the oil and filth allowed to contaminate the river, causing them to abandon their old favorite haunts under protest.

In the early times of Cuyahoga county, there were bears, wolves, deer, a few elks, wild turkeys, coons, porcupines, opossums, squirrels, wild ducks, wild geese, and pigeons innumerable. They too have nearly all left. I have often seen pigeons flying when from the zenith to the horizon, in every direction, they were as close together as could be and not prevent their flying, and it took the fast flyers not less than ten minutes for the flock to pass by, and smaller flocks would follow. One day they would fly in one direction, and perhaps the same day, or a day or two after, they would fly in the opposite direction. It was common for them to collect in flocks in the Fall and Spring where beechnuts and acorns abound.

About 1820, Mr. Blanchard came to Cleveland with his theatrical company, composed mostly of his sons and daughters. The performances were held in a tavern where the Forest City House now is. I went with one of my brothers to the theatre, and well remember the plays and characters. For moral and instructive playing, Blanchard's company probably have not been excelled since.

In 1824, when Cleveland began to attract the attention of educated young men, one from the East came to Cleveland and engaged to teach school in the upper room of the then new Academy building on St. Clair street. In the Winter, my sister and several other young

ladies and young men from other towns went there to school. The next Winter, the reputation of the school being far above anything that we country boys had met with, my parents arranged for me to go. The pupils at that time were Jesse Pease, Albert Kingsbury, Wolcott Bliss, Samuel Williamson, Lewis Dibble, Donald McIntosh, Addison Kelley, and I think that Thomas and Samuel Colahan came awhile. Of the girls, there were Diana Kingsbury, Fanny Rice, Loretta Wood, Catharine Spangler, Martha Pease, and several other girls and boys whose names I cannot now bring to mind. It was my best three months' schooling, and with very pleasant schoolmates. Our distinguished teacher is now President of the Early Settlers' Association. Of all who attended that school, I now know of but three to respond to the greetings of friends. May they enjoy days many.

There was a time when I knew every person in Newburgh and Cleveland, and I think I may say in Brooklyn and Warrensville too, except some small children. Memory carries me back to those days, and I seem to see old acquaintances as I formerly saw them. It would take too long to memorize the people and calling of half or three-quarters of a century ago; but a few I will mention: Mr. Logan, of Cleveland, was editor, printer and proprietor of the *Cleveland Register*, a weekly newspaper, established, I think, about 1815. When Logan had no work in his office to do he sometimes worked out his and others road taxes, digging out stumps on Superior street.

Capt. Allen Gaylord, of Newburgh, was quite an artist at carving and painting, and did the ornamental work after there were improved houses, and vessels on the lake, to ornament.

Mr. Prather made ropes, in his rope-walk on the Public Square.

Uncle Abram Hickox (as he was familiarly called) was a blacksmith, and shod the farmers' oxen for Winter service, at his shop where the Weddell House now is; afterward he moved to where McGillin's store is now. Previous to his removal, a man had a vat of clay on Superior street, in front of where the Citizens' Savings Bank now is. There he drove a yoke of oxen around on the clay to prepare it for molding into family utensils. The rest of the process for making earthen ware was done in a shanty by the wayside.

In speaking of old residents, I would hardly be justified in not

mentioning the name of Benhu Johnson, a wooden leg expressman. Benhu knew everybody, and everybody knew Benhu. He lost a leg in the war of 1812-14. Nevertheless, he was a happy man. Seated on his wagon, singing and driving his pony along the street, ready to receive orders to express a bundle, box or barrel from one part of the village to some other, or haul a barrel of water from the lake for a woman to wash, or haul a jag of wood to keep somebody's pot boiling, was his forte.

Gaius Boughton kept tavern on the north corner of Water and St. Clair streets. He was noted for fun and drollery. When men of the tramp kind stopped for something to eat and had no money to pay their fare, Boughton would send them into the yard to turn a grindstone, with nothing to grind, and when he was satisfied they had earned a meal he would call them in and give them something to eat. Though notorious for jokes, he liked square dealing.

The men who kept things moving in days of yore are gone, and the boys contemporary with our boyhood days, as many as are left, have become old men, and some of the gray-haired ladies of to-day were the girls who—well, we will not say captivated the young men, but attracted their admiration. They have faded a little, but their influence for good is none the less.

The poem called "The Good Old Days," and read by a member of our Association at our last annual meeting, aptly touches a sympathetic chord of the early pioneers. They would not turn back the improvements of the last fifty years, but would like to see some of the manners and customs of the good old days restored. But the good old days are gone, and I fear that they have gone to stay longer than some anticipate. However, there seems to be a general expectation that somebody or something is going to have a hand in the unsettled state of affairs, and bring about a permanent good time. My view of it is that there will be no better or happier locality in the universe than the old earth will be when the good time comes, and I would not exchange my claim to an inheritance on it for any other planet, or for mansions in the skies.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE MEMBERS WHO HAVE
RECENTLY LEFT US.

BY GEORGE F. MARSHALL.

Doubtless some who comprise this audience have been present upon a funeral occasion at the private house of a friend, and while sitting, cramped in a camp chair, in the back parlor, listened to a labored discourse which you wished had been less extended, the speaker the while telling what he did not know respecting the virtues of the deceased, and you knew all the time he was making a mistake, perhaps to please his hearers.

What if we should be enabled at our own funeral to be present in the spirit and hear the remarks of the preacher as well as that class of people who linger outside the door after it had been announced in the daily papers and by the undertaker that the burial would be private? How would we be pleased if the general sentiment ran like this: "Well, the old fellow has finally pegged out, but after all he had good streaks, say what you will." There is a passage in St. Luke which reads: "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." I suppose this applies only to the living. Would the anathema become any the more effectual if it read: "Woe unto you when all men shall speak ill of you?" dead or alive.

It is a well accepted rule among a refined people not to speak ill of the dead. There have been threats of heavy damages in cases where people have been so indiscreet as to traduce the moral standing of some who have passed away; therefore it would be well to be a little careful what we say about the living or the dead.

Some of you who have lived in Cleveland for a half century or more will probably remember that there was an attorney resident here known as Counsellor McCoy. He practiced in the lower courts on Water street and usually had for clients those who sailed on the high seas and the low waters. The counsellor was called unexpectedly to make a few remarks upon one of his associates, whose body lay on the bier ready for interment. Other friends said it would be too bad to bury him like a dog without saying something. Mc acceded to the

request, and walking solemnly to the casket, his head covered by a blouch hat, and bringing his clenched fist with an emphatic bang upon the coffin lid, delivered the following eloquent eulogy :

“ Here lies the filthy carcass of a felon who has been guilty of all the crimes in the calendar, but escaped merited punishment in this world ; let us all thank God for the justice of his laws and the certainty of their execution. Amen.”

It is not my purpose to pass a eulogy upon that outspoken barrister, but will relate briefly a historic incident in his life to show that the high sense of justice which actuated him was competent to pass a becoming eulogy upon his dead friend. The counsellor once took a friend to the bar of a saloon in order to give him a treat. The bar-keeper, knowing his impecunious habit, declined to put forth the elements without evidence of change in pocket. Turning to a friend hard by, Mc borrowed a quarter and the bottle was at once placed upon the counter, when each partook of the usual amount, and possibly a little more. The counsellor at once turned to his kind friend and returned the borrowed money with a remark that it was a principle of justice, if not of law, to return borrowed money before paying other debts.

Your venerable president has imposed a task upon me which I feel poorly able to execute. He wants brief sketches of some of our lately deceased members and can spare no more than fifteen or twenty minutes for the purpose. Many members have died during the past year or two who deserve a good sized volume in perpetuation of their memory. What I may say respecting any of them will of necessity be brief. We have elsewhere full record of the birth of all our members and the place thereof, also the record of their advent to this section of Ohio, and we have a record also of each death, but their early life, their education, their morals, their religion, their politics, or the skill they exhibited in base ball or on a row boat may be a matter of record in the daily press of their life and times; at all events, if they indulged in those athletic exercises in our day they could possibly point with pride to page after page that may make their names more memorable than any other known method.

Without any further words let us place our minds upon the name

of Capt. Lorenzo A. Kelsey, a man well laden with honors and crowned with a goodly number of years.

In the outset, it would be as well to say of the Captain that he was one of that sort of humanity which humbles itself and is not self-exalting; rather more retiring than aggressive; rather bashful than bold, yet ardent enough to maintain his individuality and manhood when occasion demanded. He came to Cleveland about fifty years ago and took a position as bookkeeper in a commission warehouse on the river. He was soon transferred to one of the steamers of his employers as clerk, but soon after was promoted to the command of the craft. Here was one of the positions in which the peculiar manner and modesty of the man were exemplified. Any one who took the tour of the lakes fifty years ago can call to mind the airs many commanders of lake steamers were in the habit of assuming; they appeared to be more than willing to let the world know who was in command if their voice and vernacular proved equal to the task. A man with powerful lungs was a hero on any deck. The dock was usually crowded day or night when a steamer landed from the East, and the big words coming from the deck as the floating craft sided up to the dock echoed from warehouse to warehouse and crossed the river among the bullfrogs of the opposite shore. But how changed were the methods when Capt. Kelsey brought his steamer to her mooring, or when the last line was being let go to put to sea! It was he who improvised a system of signals that made high sounding orders from the deck unnecessary and scarce a word could be heard until the gang plank was shot ashore for the passengers to disembark, or hauled aboard after the last passenger was on deck.

The Captain from his early youth had been trained to know what was the most acceptable food for the human stomach, and in the practice of that knowledge had induced a long line of the traveling public of the cities south and west, as well as his own city, to hold over or hurry up to take the Chesapeake, for they were certain of the company of a companionable commander, a safe voyage and a sumptuous spread in the dining-room. It is noticeable how far a man will go if he has a refined taste for good food to get something above the common to eat. I have heard of men going hundreds of miles out

of the way to get a better dinner than they usually have at home.

From the waters the Captain was called to the land, that he might take charge of the newly erected New England hotel, and his fame, so well established on the waters, followed him ashore. The New England, although located under the hill, soon became the popular hostelry of our better citizens—those who knew what good effect savory food had upon their constitution. They could apply the words of Solomon to their condition and exclaim that “Better is a dinner of herbs where Kelsey is than a salted ox and hatred therewith.”

In 1848, the Democracy of the city, in casting about for a popular man as candidate for Mayor, hit upon Capt. Kelsey; it being a presidential year, they wished to make every vote tell. The committee chosen to wait upon the host and inform him of the choice which had been proposed to make, met with an emphatic declaration that such honors could never fall upon his shoulders with his consent. He gave them a good dinner, filled their pockets with cigars, and put them under pledge not to use his name for any such purpose, but the promises made were of no avail. The Captain was nominated and triumphantly elected; about every one voted for the popular Captain. Some envious Whig said, after the election, that any one who had deadheaded the whole population to Buffalo and back, and feasted it at the New England with rare dinners, could be elected Mayor any time. “What!” says D. W. Cross to the remark, “do you mean to say that the Whig party can be bought with a mess of potash?”

In these later years, after more than three score and ten of active life, we could see the venerable Captain walking our streets, hale and hearty, yet weighted down with more than four score Winters on his broadened shoulders. He never for a moment lost an iota of his mental faculties, and his chief enjoyment lay in social conversation with old-time friends, where he delighted most in recounting the incidents of his life, both at sea and ashore. Every one who knew him will testify that he died without an enemy.

There has been, and doubtless will be, elaborate and well worded comments upon the life of Edwin Cowles. After a familiar acquaintance with him for a half century, there were a few incidents during

all those years that bear upon my mind, and you may determine whether they were worthy of mention, after I relate them.

To begin, it is as well to say that we had political contests that ended without scars, time and again, yet he appeared to hold me as a friend. He has often complimented me by calling me a——fool in politics and I could as readily reciprocate all such endearing epithets for him and he knew it every time. As between ourselves he has never failed to call me “George,” nor have I failed, in addressing him, to name him “Ed.” My earliest recollection of him was soon after he came from school in Ashtabula County when he went into the printing business, and even now I cannot remember if he actually took to the stick and case, or ever set type, or pulled the lever of an old-time hand press, but as the personification of type and printers’ ink I have always regarded him. Smead & Cowles soon followed in line with Tenniman & Bemis, Sanford & Hayward, M. C. Younglove & Co. At that time it is announced in Teets’ directory (printed by Smead & Cowles) that there were but four newspapers published in the city, two of which were daily and weekly and the other two weekly only. The *Herald* and the *Plain Dealer* were the two former, and the *Times* and *American* the two latter.

I think Mr. Cowles did not go voluntarily into the newspaper business, but was led into it by the pressure of literary men, who wished to have an outlet for the pent-up opinions held in close check. When anti-slavery, abolition and free soil united their forces, Mr. Cowles’ opportunity came and culminated in wonderful success. The *Leader* became the triumphant output of several efforts to ventilate the great principles of abolition in the abstract. Mr. Cowles, from an old line Whig, became an intense abolitionist as well as a marked enemy of Romanism and His Holiness, the Pope. He could withstand neither the one nor the other. He came to me one day, knowing I was a regular attendant upon Dr. Bolles’ church, and a friend of his, and said in a half passionate way :

“George, I am going to give up my pew in Trinity Church and take my family to Grace Church, because Dr. Bolles don’t preach against slavery.”

“What !” said I, “was you at church last Sunday to hear him

reach against the slavery of sin and bigotry, covetousness and extortion and the like?"

"No," said he, "but the time has come when that crime must be put a stop to. I mean negro slavery."

"Come to think of it," said I, "there is not a slave holder in the whole congregation and he cannot reach the sin by talking to such as you and me about negro slavery; our minds are made up."

Then I told him how easily he could accomplish all he needed in that line, for Father Thorpe and Bishop Rappe were both anti-slavery men and preached against the sin; he could take a pew for himself and family at the Cathedral and would only have to cross the street to get to church every Sunday. What a lovely representation of contempt could be produced by a photographer if his face could have come under the camera just at that moment!

In his early efforts in the line of newspaper making he had trouble with such writers whom he employed as J. C. Vaughn, Geo. Bradburn and others. He told me that they were too—headstrong for a daily paper. Bradburn, he said, was a brilliant writer, but he don't give me credit for knowing anything. He can write fine magazine articles deep enough for any one, but for a daily paper he is not of any use.

I wish to bear testimony to his wonderful memory respecting national and local events. He was a wonder in that line and could seldom be contradicted. He was a full volume of history in himself, more especially respecting any important event occurring during his lifetime in Cleveland, and every time he put pen to paper you could rely upon the correctness of every statement historically.

The force of circumstances culminating previous to and during the civil war, coupled with his managing skill, brought him at once to the front as the most influential editor of his party in Northern Ohio. He was able to make and unmake candidates for office, and although lock-ribbed in his fealty to his party, there have been times when he has seen fit to bolt and repudiate its nominees to successful defeat.

He has ever been a well-tried friend of this Association and his historical contributions, published in its Annals, bear proof of his sound memory and interest in its behalf.

Perhaps the greatest secret to his remarkable success as the leader of a great party and a great newspaper has been in the fact that he was able and willing to command every modern improvement in the art of printing that developed itself. The men who composed the political and literary staff of the *Leader* must at all times be subordinate to his will, otherwise they knew their fate. Nearly every Republican member of Congress, from this district, as well as local conventions, during the days of the supremacy of the *Leader*, have followed the judgment of Mr. Cowles.

I have a proof of his remarkable memory in a series of letters he wrote me last summer while in relaxation at Cambridgeborough Springs. Mr. Cowles was a voluminous writer—never in redundancy and always to the point. I would like to give you a few extracts but time forbids. I will give but a few extracts from those letters.

It will be remembered that Gail Hamilton published in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* a series of articles reviewing the act of Commodore McKenzie in the trial and execution of young Spencer on board of the U. S. ship of war Somers, in the year 1842. An idea had got well imbedded in the minds of the older citizens that the Commodore had been guilty of a very silly act just after the execution, in calling on the crew to give three cheers for God, and it was in reference to this point in the inhuman game that the truth of history was sought from Mr. Cowles. It will be observed that other valuable historic matters are contained in his letters, which may be of interest to many here.

CAMBRIDGE, CRAWFORD CO., PA., }
AUGUST 16TH, 1889. }

GEO. F. MARSHALL, ESQ.

My Dear Sir:—Your esteemed favor of the 11th was forwarded to me here where I am taking the waters for my ailments, which will explain the delay in my reply.

I well remember the tragedy you refer to, which occurred in the Fall of 1842 while I was attending school at Grand River Institute, at Austinburgh, Ashtabula County.

I have no recollection whatever of seeing that interview with Capt. Buffington. My knowledge of that disgraceful and cowardly affair

is based upon what I read about it at the time it occurred. I remember the London *Times* spoke of the execution of the young man as being "nothing but an exhibition of Judge Lynch on the high seas." Philip Spencer, who was hung along with Cromwell and the other man, whose name I have forgotten, was a son of John C. Spencer, who, at that time, was Secretary of War; he was also the nephew of that famous advocate Joshua Spencer, and a brother of Ambrose Spencer, whom you may remember as a lawyer practicing in Cleveland about the period of 1840; his aristocratic father disinherited him for having married a millinery girl. You will recollect Joshua Spencer as one who defended McLeod, in 1842, when on trial for participating in the Carolina outrage in 1837, and succeeded in having him acquitted on the ground of an alibi. Midshipman Spencer was also a cousin of young Spencer, who murdered his wife in Jersey City about 1847, and was acquitted on the ground of insanity, he being defended by his uncle Joshua Spencer. The murdered woman was the divorced wife of old Dan Parish, whom you will remember when he practiced law in Cleveland forty years ago and died in New York City. Spencer, who committed the murder, afterward married the widow of Jas. B. Finney, a sister of Thomas W. Morse, who for a while held the office of Auditor of Cuyahoga County, half a century ago. I remember it looking so funny to me to see Dan Parish and this Spencer hob-nobbing together at the old Temperance Pavilion; they both having married the same woman. Midshipman Philip Spencer, so the story goes, was a very tough boy, and his father got him appointed in the Navy, hoping that man-of-war discipline would straighten him.

Captain McKenzie's real name was Slidell, and as he was from New Orleans, he was probably related to Slidell of the Mason & Slidell fame. Why he changed his name I never knew. To show what a miserable, cowardly officer he was it is only necessary to compare his condition and conduct with the trying condition in which the Admiral and his officers of the British fleet were placed in at the Nore, when every seaman of a fleet of some 12 or 15 ships simultaneously mutinied in 1803. This historical mutiny was put down simply by the courage and determination of the officers. Had McKenzie

an iota of this courage and firmness he would have simply put Spencer and his confederates in irons and sailed to St. Thomas, two days' sailing distance, or even to New York.

I remember reading about McKenzie ordering three cheers after the execution, but I do not as to his ordering three cheers for God. If that was true, then it shows the smallness and foolishness of the man. He and his officers, and I think the crew, went to Trinity church after their arrival in New York and offered thanks for their safe deliverance from the so-called peril they passed through.

* * * * *

Yours very truly,

EDWIN COWLES.

In a letter dated August 27th, 1889, he writes me as follows:

Mr. Shearman has kindly sent me his book containing a full account of that disgraceful affair. I find that I was correct in saying that John C. Spencer was Secretary of War instead of the Navy at the time of the hanging of his son. It is true that McKenzie called on his crew immediately after the hanging to give three cheers for the old flag, and the following Sunday, when the crew were called for divine service, McKenzie addressed them and wound up by saying in effect "we must give three cheers to God by singing his praise." This puts a different phase on the matter; cheers is a sailor's idea of praises.

Respectfully,

EDWIN COWLES.

I regard these letters as a valuable acquisition to my collection and intend to preserve them. I have a much later one from him respecting another historic item. It was indited but a short period before his death. In it he says he does not go out any more and has to dictate to a typewriter. The letter is brief but to the point, it has neither date nor signature, and if I was a full-blooded Irishman instead of half, I might claim that the letter was the last one he ever wrote to any person.

I hope to see more becoming memoirs of my friend Mr. Cowles and in better form than this.

Another friend of mine, and once a member with us, has passed away at a good old age. He was closer to me than the last named

gentleman, because he held views like mine own. I mean Arthur Hughes, and if my limit of time has not already come, I trust you will give me a few moments more.

Arthur Hughes was one of those men who fifty years ago was found doing a forwarding and commission business on the river. There are precious few yet remaining whose names graced the river front a half a century ago, and none with a wider or better reputation than Hubby & Hughes. The only man now living who has been in active service for more than fifty years upon the edge of that muddy water course is the honored member of our executive committee, R. T. Lyon. One would suppose that the monotony of handling salt and water lime, oats and beans, clover seed and timothy for so many years would wear out any constitution except an iron one. We have a few left who were contemporaneous with Hughes and Lyon, but they have deserted the edge of the river and come upon the hill; among them are W. J. Gordon, Rufus Winslow, M. M. Spangler and L. M. Hubby.

Arthur Hughes was one of that class of even tempered men that have passed beyond four score years without allowing it to rise above blood heat. He was the same yesterday, to-day and forever, unless possibly some political opponent should chance to traduce the character or methods of Jefferson or Jackson. He was one of the social men of his time, and when he once struck out on a favorite political line he could entertain you to the remotest period.

Mr. Hughes has often boasted, in my presence, that neither Senator nor President can outrank him in the highly romantic and useful occupation he had been engaged in during early youth for a livelihood, and that was driving a pair of mules attached to a tow line and a line boat on the canal. He has said if there are grades in useful occupations he is not able to arrange one above the other. He was a Democrat in more than its political application; a man of the people and not of the aristocracy; it appeared inborn.

For forty years and more he has been isolated; he lost his wife during his early years in Cleveland, and the hotel life forced upon him, compelled his social life to be divided between his office and his hotel parlors. He seldom met a friend upon the streets but he begged

him to come to his office or his rooms and have a social sit down.

He always took a deep interest in the improvements of the city and state, and has often consented to take a part in their legislation and executive affairs, and never with any other intent than to do all the duties required of him, and the city and state are better for his counsel and mature judgment.

It would be a pleasing task for me to say many more words respecting my good old friend Hughes, but I fear the President is becoming a little nervous and wants to say "hurry on."

There is another octogenarian I have in mind and I trust you will bear with me for a few words more:

Capt. Lucius Barney has left us at the ripe age of eighty-six. It appears of record that he first made his home in this section of Ohio in 1822, nevertheless, from his own unwritten autobiography I find that he has vibrated like a pendulum among these northern states for more than three score and ten years. At one time, some fifty-five years ago, he claimed to be the commanding officer on a stage coach between Syracuse and Rochester—that means he drove stage on that line for a series of years. Next he commanded a steamer on the Ohio river; after this he was commander on the deck of a steamer on the Hudson river; following this, he was in like position on Lake Erie. Then he finds himself at the head of a hotel in Cincinnati. Later on, Columbus claimed him as one of its landlords. After all these vibrations he comes to a halt in the goodly city of Cleveland, where he has walked our streets for the last generation or two, retiring upon his record of a varied and active life, remunerated with like accumulated treasure to that of a rolling stone. The Captain maintained the dignity of a courtly gentleman, whether he held the reins over four stage horses, or was at the head of a first-class hotel, or commanded a steamer on the historic Hudson. For the past generation and more he has been in retirement and tabernacled on the west side of our city. His majestic and courtly tread could not fail to attract the notice of citizen or stranger—a tall, arrow-like form, a light and elastic step, a gentlemanly manner were his peculiar characteristics. His intelligent bearing in connection was sure to win the admiration of those he engaged in social talk. The vitality of his earlier years

never forsook him, and his elastic step as well as his intellectual power never faltered, even to the latest lapse of his many years.

I would like to add a word or two respecting another man who has been in active service in this city for more than fifty years and has now gone to his reward. I refer to my good friend John Shelley. Time will not allow me more than to speak his name and say he was a rare, true hearted, Christian gentleman. What else need be said? You all knew him; he was that sort of man who live a life intelligently, temperately, and I may say scientifically, for he was able to enjoy every comfort and luxury in a proper manner. In his later years, after he had in a measure retired from active business, he took the greatest pleasure in frequent voyages across the Atlantic, and his favorite resort was in the Levant on the northern coast of the Mediterranean. He had a courtly manner, yet he was social and friendly with every one he met. In the vigor of his early years he took delight in sharing with his fellow citizens those labors or enjoyments which every enterprising man enjoys—he took part in literary organizations, military, and in the fire department; he was a Free Mason and Odd Fellow, as well as an officer in his church, and never shirked any responsibility which those organizations demanded of him. I can well remember with what faithful and tender care he administered to the wants of the sick and distressed among a fraternal and benevolent organization of which we were mutual members. It mattered not what grade of life the needy were in, he went like a good Samaritan to render all the aid at his command in the line of his duty.

I would like to get in a word or two respecting those faithful members who passed away so nearly together, and who are worthy of more extended and better mention than I am able to give them. I refer to the venerable Dr. Strickland and his good wife. For nearly fifty years they had been close neighbors of mine and in close friendship. In saying that this couple were peculiar every one who knew them would coincide. Although the two were well mated, they were somewhat dissimilar in disposition and habit; he was staid, retiring, reticent and isolated; she was outspoken, companionable, cheerful and happy in her daily walks and conversation; her extreme

vivacity, overflowing spirit and youthful manner, usually present with her, may have been a reason why she so long hesitated in telling our Secretary the year of her birth. She was not unlike many other women who never grow old only on the family register. It is safe to say that this good woman maintained all the elements of youth during her entire life, and at no time would the application of the word "old" become appropriate to her. There was a wonderful spirit of independence in her Christian work, and she continually sought that association of the followers of a religious faith where she was certain to accomplish the most good.

The vivacious spirit of this woman has, at times, been severely checked, and when such overpowering influences come to such minds as hers it sometimes proves too severe to withstand. During the rebellion their only son secretly left home and enlisted in the Navy, much against their will, and the distress to know the fate of the lad appeared greater than the mother could bear. Hosts of friends called to assure the parents of their kind sympathy. It is said that one good sister in the church, in the expectation of rendering the sympathy and consolation of a true Christian, said to her: "Sister Strickland, I fear this trial has been imposed upon you in order that you may be humiliated for the worldliness you have exhibited in building, furnishing and adorning your earthly abode so elegantly." In an ebolition of true womanly bearing she replied: "For mercy's sake, if this is the only consolation you can bring me in this hour of my affliction and sorrow, I wish you would leave the house at once."

Mrs. Strickland, as we all know, belonged to an honored line of earlier settlers. The name of Walworth is quite as familiar here as that of Cleveland.

It was a part of that good woman's nature which let her cheerful spirit follow her wherever she moved, and it was ever a signal for joy and gladness when she entered the habitation of a neighbor or friend.

How appropriately we may apply these lines of Wordsworth:

"So didst thou travel on life's common way in cheerful godliness."

I cannot content myself in closing this final sketch without using the words of Portia to Nerissa:

"How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

IN MEMORIAM.

THE REVEREND THOMAS CORLETT.

[BY REV. A. B. PUTNAM.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EARLY SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION:—It is due to the courtesy of your honored President, to whom I desire to return sincere thanks, that I have the privilege of paying a brief tribute to-day to the memory of your friend and mine, the Rev. Thomas Corlett. From the organization of this Association, his face and voice have been familiar to those who have attended the annual meetings, while with some of you the friendship existing between you and our brother departed covers a period of more than three score years.

He was the first Chaplain of your Association, and continued to act as such during the first decade of your history as an organization. It fell to his duty as Chaplain to prepare the Annual Necrological Report, and the Annals show that he performed this labor with fidelity and admirable taste.

And now what he did for others it falls to others to do for him. The workers fail and drop by the way, but the organized work still goes on. When the last annual meeting was held, his interest in the affairs of this Association was so great that he postponed a trip for his health in order to attend to his duties as Chaplain, and then within less than forty days, by the providence of God, he was taken to his eternal home.

As his Rector, it was my good fortune to know him well during his latter days on earth, to minister to him in spiritual things, to enjoy his confidence and conversation, and when the end came to be at his bedside and commend his departing soul to the everlasting mercy of God. The days of his pilgrimage were more than three score years and ten, and the whole period was passed in the loyal service of his heavenly King, whom he loved with all his heart and followed with rare devotion.

Mr. Corlett was a native of the picturesque and historically interesting Isle-of-Man, where he was born September 28, 1817. When only

ten years of age his parents came to Cleveland, but, attracted by the prospects and future growth of population and commercial interests, purchased a home and settled down in Newburgh.

Many of the inconveniences and hardships incident to the life of "Early Settlers" were familiar to them, and as a proof of the frugality and thriftiness, as well as the independence of young Corlett, it is only necessary to state that when he left home to seek an education, with the exception of a good trade, he possessed only *fifteen dollars* with which to support himself, but when he graduated he had saved *eleven hundred dollars* from his earnings, over and above his expenses. During the years that followed he had an extended and successful experience as a teacher, and many of those who received from him the first earnest desire to excell in knowledge and virtue are ready to rise up and call him blessed. Being persuaded that it was his duty to enter the Holy Ministry, he gave up his school work, was ordained to the Diaconate and Priesthood by Bishop McIlvaine, and served as a Clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for many years in Ohio, and for a short time at Barraboo, Wisconsin. But Ohio was his home by choice as well as in fact, and nearly all his life was passed in the vicinity of Cleveland, among the friends and companions of his boyhood days.

He was Rector of St. Paul's Church, Collamer several times, Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, Cleveland, when the venerable Dr. Bolles was Rector, and in charge of St. Peter's Church. Dwelling among the people by whom he was best known, both in the active exercise of the ministry and in private life, when failing health made retirement necessary, his influence was of the most healthful kind. In him there was an unfailing supply of the "milk of human-kindness," sweetened by the grace which comes through the Gospel of Peace. The sterling qualities which he inherited from his ancestors did not fail him during his long life. Fidelity to trust, loyal allegiance to friends, singular purity of life without austerity, remarkable sweetness and calmness of disposition, all were marks of a character of a native strength which had been purified and ennobled by discipline and the Grace of God. He was, without any qualification, a "*good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith,*" and when the end came he

was fully prepared to enter into the joy of his Lord. Such characters are "the salt of the earth." They exemplify the value of love and gentleness and a holy life. They are the most powerful forces in society, reaching out to the weary and heavy burdened, leaving to the world the legacy and benediction which can only result from a life pure and without reproach. Slow to anger and of marked compassion was our friend, loth to believe ill concerning anyone, full of that highest of all God's gifts, an ever-abounding charity, spread out like a mantle to cover faults and shortcomings and sins. He was a notable example of high-minded Christian manhood. We cherish his memory. We love to speak of his excellencies of character.

The closing words of his last annual report, which are familiar to all those who use the Liturgy, which he loved with unshaken devotion, may well be our last words to-day :

"May we who still survive be so guided and helped in our work
"of life by the Divine blessing, that when we are called hence we
"may, with all those who are departed in the true faith of God's
"holy name, have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body
"and soul, in His eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus
"Christ our Lord."

PASSING AWAY.

BY REV. JAMES A. BOLLES, D. D.

The following address was written by special request, and was prepared as a memorial of loving sympathy and veneration for the members of the Early Settlers' Association and as suggestive of the comforts and consolation of the Gospel to the aged, but by some mistake no mention was made of it on the program and the author only read a brief extract :

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—When I first came to Western New York in 1833, and settled in what was called the "Genesee Country," I found there, in every city and village, a class of aged and venerable men and women, more highly respected and beloved than any other, and constituting almost a separate and

peculiar and independent class by themselves. That class of aged and venerable men and women were the pioneers, the early settlers—those who had broken away from the homes of their childhood and youth in the older settled regions of our country and had ventured to encounter the troubles and trials and tribulations of a new and unsettled life in what was then almost a barren wilderness. To that wilderness they came and in a few short years almost everything was changed. “The wilderness and the solitary place was made glad for them” and the desert was seen to “rejoice and blossom as the rose.” Oh, what industry, what energy, what perseverance, what undaunted boldness and courage were required to overcome the special and peculiar trials and temptations by which they were surrounded! And when at last in old age they came out of the furnace, as gold purified and refined, who can wonder that they command the special respect and reverence of all who beheld them, and who had inherited the blessings which they had obtained for themselves and their posterity in all generations.

Now we have the same history repeated in this part of Ohio, and we behold among us a lingering remnant of the same class of aged and venerable men and women, whose lives and characters have manifested the same virtues of boldness, courage and intrepidity, and it would be strange, indeed, if we did not bow down before them, recognizing their special and peculiar claims upon our respect and reverence, and acknowledging our indebtedness to them, under God, for the glorious heritage which we now possess. To preserve the names and the memories and the virtues of these pioneers in the early settlement of “the Connecticut Western Reserve,” is one of the objects of this “Early Settlers’ Association,” in behalf of which we are assembled to-day; nor can I imagine an object of greater interest and importance to the temporal welfare and happiness of all the future generations. For the same distinguished virtues and elements of character which entered into the life of the pioneer must be followed and emulated by their successors, to make us worthy at all of the blessings and privileges which we have inherited. No wonder that the pioneers, when they left their eastern homes, were mourned and lamented as dead men and women! In my father’s house, when I

was a boy, there was one day such weeping, mourning and lamentation as I had never heard before and can never forget, and all simply because a dear friend of my sisters was starting for "the Ohios," then thought to be so far off as that their beloved companion would never again be seen or heard from. Yes, that is where Ohio was even a little less than eighty years ago. But, alas! alas! in one respect there has been no change. "The fathers, where are they?" "Man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets." What an evidence of the uncertainty of human life is the fact that our beloved Chaplain, the Rev. Thomas Corlett, was present one year ago to open the exercises with prayer, and then to make the necrological report, and yet scarcely a month had passed away and he himself was called to his rest in the paradise of God, and that tribute to his memory which it was my privilege to prepare for the clergy of the Episcopal church on the occasion of his burial was actually printed in the same report which contained the proceedings of our last annual meeting! Who could have imagined such a thing as possible? and what an evidence of the fact that "in the midst of life we are in death!"

Another prominent clergyman of the Episcopal Church, who was present with us one year ago, and made one of the most interesting and important addresses, has since passed away, called of God, we have no doubt, to that "inheritance which is undefiled and fadeth not away, eternal in the heavens." I refer to the Rev. Dr. Sherlock A. Bronson, who died in May last, at the advanced aged of eighty-three years. He was brought here an infant in 1807, and is said to have been the first child baptized in Cuyahoga county. At sixteen he commenced teaching and at twenty-six he was made assistant principal of Norwalk Academy. In those early days he had great difficulty in finding suitable books, and when preparing for college, as he told us in his address, he traveled a hundred miles to procure a Latin grammar and dictionary. He entered the freshman class in Kenyon college in 1829, graduated with first honors in 1833, was a tutor in Kenyon while pursuing his theological course; was ordained by Bishop McIlvaine in 1835. His first ministerial work was as missionary at Lancaster for one year; then at Granville, where he

remained nine years. In 1845 he became President of Kenyon College, and from that time until his death, in May last, he was one of the most active, learned and useful ministers of the Episcopal Church.

Soldier of Christ, well proved and tried,
In every conflict brave as strong,
Though death and grave the spoil divide
Awhile, they shall not hold thee long.
Thy sleep is but the warrior's rest,
Thee, wreath and palm and crown await
And gratulating saints attest
Thy welcome at the immortal gate.

The average of human life, as calculated by Buffon, is a little less than thirty-five years, and one-third of this number die before the age of ten. Hufeland makes the average even less, and that only half attain the ten years, that outer gate of early childhood. When faster and faster the ranks grow thinner, falling around us as the autumnal leaves, so that when the allotted years of our age, three score and ten, are past, the remaining few of trembling patriarchs can be counted upon our fingers, out of the many thousands who commenced their existence together, and then when we get into the nineties, there is only one here and there, standing as a lonely oak in the forest, a strange and almost unearthly marvel of providence, attesting the promise, "With long life will I satisfy thee and show thee my salvation." O, when I look around upon any assembly of men and women in the prime and vigor of life, the thought occurs to me that some among them, God knows how few, may possibly be spared to attain the age of three score or even four score years and ten. But what will then be our condition? The wise man has told us in a description which the greatest of English poets has versified as "Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

O, what an awful condition of sorrow, of infirmity and of desolation! What a period of solitude and of apparent desertion! To look around and find myself a stranger in a world which I have so long inhabited! To feel that all the friendships and intimacies and associations of life are gone! That the friends and companions and contemporaries of our youth are perished from the earth, and that we are left alone,

like the solitary and weatherbeaten oak, to battle with the storm! Such is the condition of the aged! O, does it not demand all the feelings of love and sympathy, of respect and veneration which the gospel requires us to cultivate? What young person can look upon such an aged father or such an aged mother, and not feel it his duty to "rise up before them," to honor and to reverence, to help and to protect, to cheer and to animate, that the many burdens of life may be lightened and the soul sustained! But O, how utterly helpless and hopeless must be the aged without the blessings of religion, the consolations of the gospel, the cheering and enlivening presence of God to sustain and to comfort, the hope and the prospect of a better life to come, the glorious assurance that when "our earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

O, yes, how can there be any mistake upon this subject! How can there be any earthly possessions of any sort or kind which can really supply the place of God, our savior and redeemer, our only refuge and hope and rock of strength and salvation. Hence the psalmist prays: "O, cast me not off in the time of age, forsake me not when my strength faileth."

And let this prayer be ours, ours for ourselves and for all, all who are advanced in life, ours for our dear aged fathers and mothers and friends, and more especially for all the members of this venerable Association of Early Settlers and pioneers, and let us never cease to pray for them that the God of all comfort may comfort them in all their trials and tribulations, and that when death comes they may welcome him as a messenger of mercy to rescue and to save and to convey them to the inheritance of the saints in light; that blessed and glorious inheritance the joys of which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived, but which we are divinely assured that God hath prepared for all that love him."

Never, in all the ages of eternity can there be any change in the wonderful announcement of "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so saith the spirits for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

THE CLOSE OF THE EXERCISES.

The following song, written for the occasion by Hon. Harvey Rice, entitled "Our Auld Lang Syne," was now sung by Mrs. C. W. Stearns, the Kimberly Trio joining in the chorus:

OUR AULD LANG SYNE.

Should early settlers be forgot,
When they from earth depart;
Who struggling lived and faltered not,
The truly brave at heart.

CHORUS.

*True men at heart, my friend,
For auld lang syne,
With loving wives still truer yet,
For auld lang syne.*

'Twas they who felled the forest wild,
And sowed the golden grain;
And bred to labor every child,
Nor did they live in vain.

True men, etc.

'Twas they who made the future bright,
And laid the corner-stone
Of school and church—earth's moral light,
Divinely pure in tone.

True men, etc.

They struggled long, as best they could,
The seniors of the land;
Who were a social brotherhood,
With ready helping hand.

True men, etc.

They feared but God, and faithful wrought
Their task beneath the sky,
With honest aims and saintly thought,
Approved in realms on high.

True men, etc.

They left to us a rich bequest,
Who still are lingering here ;
Their honored names forever blest,
And sacred memories dear.

True men, etc.

The interesting meeting then came to a close by the audience singing the Doxology, with orchestral accompaniment, and the benediction by Rev. Dr. Bolles.

When the meeting had adjourned, an old, gray-haired pioneer came up to Hon. Harvey Rice and said :

“Just fifty-two years ago I secured a license from you to marry my wife, when you were County Clerk.”

“That was the best act you ever did,” replied Mr. Rice, “for she was a good woman.”

“Yes. I am alone now. She died one year ago.”

The venerable Mrs. J. A. Harris, who has been one of the Vice-Presidents of the Association for several years, was present and occupied her chair. Mrs. Harris does not look a day older than she did four years ago. She was congratulated on every side. The attendance of members of the Association was larger than it has been for several years.—*Leader*.

In addition to the exercises of the day, the following contributions and obituary notices are included in the “Annals,” with the belief

that they are of historic value and will be read with profit and interest.

A SKETCH OF OLIVER EMERSON.

Mr. Oliver Emerson, a member of the Early Settlers' Association, and one of the pioneers of Parma, died at his residence February 28, 1890. Mr. Emerson was born at Bowdoin, Lincoln county, Maine, March 11, 1804. He came to Parma with his father, Asa Emerson, Sr., in 1821. The greater part of the journey was made with an ox team. Parma was then an almost unbroken forest, there being but three or four families in the township. He passed through all the hardships and privations incident to pioneer life. Soon after reaching the age of 21, Mr Emerson purchased and cleared the farm that was his home till death called him away. He married Miss Minda Hodgman, and to them were given six children, five of whom are now living. His first wife died of cholera in 1849, and he afterward married Mrs. Lydia Hildreth, who survives him. Mr. Emerson attended to his farm work till within a few months of his death. Physically, he was not quite so active, but his mental powers were as vigorous as ever. He enjoyed his daily paper and kept posted with regard to the news of the day. He had always taken an active part in politics, and we think that from the time he became 21 years of age until his death he did not miss voting at a single election. In 1861, President Lincoln appointed him postmaster at Parma, and he held the office from that time till his life closed. In his life-time he held many offices of trust among his townsmen. He was esteemed and honored by all who knew him. Not a shadow of reproach or suspicion ever stained the brightness of his character. He was of a social, genial disposition, and lived to entertain his friends and visit them in their homes. The Rev. Samuel Mower, of Cleveland, the officiating clergyman, in paying the last tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased said, "Some men are much better than they profess to be. Mr. Emerson was a man of that class." In referring to the floral offerings, he said, "I approve of the custom,

but I cannot but think how much better it is to scatter flowers along life's pathway, to brighten and beautify the lives of those about us. This was characteristic of Mr. Emerson. By kind words and deeds he sought to brighten and cheer the lives of those about him."

R. N. HODGMAN.

SKETCHES OF PIONEER LIFE IN CUYAHOGA COUNTY.

BY JOHN D. TAYLOR.

Although much has been written about the pioneers of Cuyahoga county, and read with interest by their descendants, yet the subject is not exhausted, nor its interest to the sons and daughters of the pioneers abated, but is yet read with more or less pleasure, just in proportion to the ability of the writer who tells his story, so, I may as well pose as Oliver Goldsmith's old soldier in his "Deserted Village," who shouldered his crutch to show how fields were won.

My father, Philo Taylor, settled in Cleveland in the Fall of 1806, at which time there were but six or seven families in the place; at the present time, 1889, there is not a man or woman living except myself who was a resident of Cuyahoga county in 1806, at which time I was two years old. My birth was August 22, 1804. In 1809 the Ohio Legislature made an appropriation to lay out and open a road from Cleveland west to Huron river. Travelers crossed Cuyahoga, Rocky, Black, Vermilion and Huron rivers by a ferry. About the year 1809, a mail route was established between Cleveland and Detroit. The mail was carried in a leather satchel by a man on foot. I remember him and his name—Edward McCartney—as my father had bought land and lived on the lake shore in Dover, where he kept an hotel during the war of 1812, and where the mail carrier was accustomed to stop. The volunteer troops who joined General William Henry Harrison's army on the Western frontier from Northern and Eastern Ohio and Virginia went by the way of Cleveland and up the lake shore to Fort Meigs, usually pitching their tents over night at my father's hotel, the most noted of which was a squadron of cavalry,

raised at Winchester, Virginia, composed of the sons of rich men, who furnished their own horses and equipments. Colonel Bull, of Winchester, was commander.

The impression made upon my young mind as this squadron rode up to my father's log-cabin hotel "in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" with their martial music will never be effaced. This squadron was in the battle of the Thames, where "Oh, rumpy dumpsy, Richard Johnson killed Tecumseh." After the commencement of the war of 1812, the United States mail was carried on horse-back till about 1820, when stage coaches carried it until superseded by railroad coaches. Something of a change within the life of one man, as in 1809 the whole contents of the mail between Cleveland and Detroit weighed from five to seven pounds, going at the rate of about thirty miles per day; now, tons of mail matter are carried daily at the rate of thirty or forty miles per hour, to say nothing about the telegraph, which knows no time. At the commencement of the war of 1812, the Indians left Northern Ohio and joined the great Indian warrior Tecumseh, at the upper end of Lake Erie, and under the command of General Proctor, who commanded the British forces on the Western frontier. Until the Indians finally left Northern Ohio for the West, they had a cemetery on the island in Rocky river, between the Nickel Plate railroad bridge and the lake. This island was a rendezvous for the Indians in the spring of the year, where they met to spear fish on the rapids of the river. On the first night after their arrival, they would build a fire at the head of each grave, the object being to light the way for the spirit of the departed to the land of the Great Spirit. Beautiful faith, but how absurd; and yet, far better than no faith; better than agnosticism. In 1809, my father witnessed a religious sacrifice among the Chippewa tribe of Indians at the mouth of Black river, in Lorain county. The victims selected for the sacrifice were two white dogs. A large fire was built on the ground, around which the Indians, young and old, sat down in a circle. Their Prophet, or High Priest, who stood by, laid the sacrifice on the fire, and commenced his oration, or sermon, for the occasion. Physically, my father said, he was a grand specimen of humanity, with a commanding mien and bear-

ing, one of nature's own noblemen, with a gracefulness of gesture that is seldom equaled in our day. Of course, the sermon was all Greek to my father, but appeared to be intensely interesting to the audience. As the prophet warmed up in his subject, an occasional grunt of approbation would come from the audience as an endorsement of some good point the speaker had made; and as the enthusiasm increased, the grunts increased, (these grunts were doubtless equivalent to an amen in an old time Methodist meeting) till the audience was wrought up to great enthusiasm. After the dogs were consumed, the Prophet took from a pouch some dried herbs, sprinkled them on the fire and continued his oration. None can deny that this sacrifice was made in all sincerity and good faith, as they did the best they knew.

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly, angels could do no more."

Every nation and people have had some idea of the future state; of the immortality of the soul; though mixed up with all sorts of speculations. I will venture here to give a paraphrase of my own on Job xiv: 14, where Job is made to say, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Is there a state of conscious rest,
Beyond the confines of the tomb;
Is there a place more pure than this,
Where death and sorrow never come?

Shall we live on beyond the grave,
And evermore progress in good,
Still rising to a higher plane
Of purity, and more like God?

The pioneers of Northern Ohio are mostly descendants of the Puritans of Boston or the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock, and, notwithstanding their iron-clad religious creed, were a grand set of men and women, and largely helped to lay the foundation of the best government now existing. I am proud that I can claim some of that noble band of men and women as my progenitors, and have, by the aid of tombstones, church and parish records, traced my genealogical line

up to 1640 without finding it objectionable. Dancing, among the younger members of the pioneer families, was their most cherished recreation, though they had no better place for a ball than a log cabin with a puncheon floor—made of split logs, four or five inches in diameter, the split side hewn and laid up, and the edges trimmed to fit—as saw mills were few and far between. To my own knowledge some of the girls who thus danced became the mothers of some of the best men of Ohio.

On the day on which the ball was to be held, the young man went for his girl on foot, if the distance from her residence to the ball was not over a mile or two, otherwise he went on horseback, and took her behind him on the horse. In the Summer their ball commenced about 4 o'clock P. M., and continued till the "wee sma' hours ayont the twa'l," with a recess for supper. At one time when a ball was at my father's cabin, the fiddler failed to come, and the youngsters knowing that I could sing all the dancing tunes, though but eight or ten years old, set me in the fiddler's place to sing for them to dance. I sang till my tongue was near being paralyzed. Though I believe that the world is growing better and will continue to do so until all wrong shall cease, yet what substitute have we for the simple, innocent amusements of the long ago? One characteristic of the pioneers of Cuyahoga county was their unbounded hospitality and good fellowship. They seemed to hold all things in common; no one had, nor would have, anything too good to lend to his neighbor, and everybody was his neighbor. Their social family gatherings were largely in the Winter, when several families with their ox-sleds would start out for an evening's visit to a neighboring log cabin. The women, of course, took their knitting work, as no woman among the pioneers was ever idle. As soon as the visitors were seated around a blazing fire, the women commenced knitting and chatting, the sterner sex putting in a word or two whenever there was a lull in the conversation.

The inevitable spare-rib was hung up before the fire by a tow-string; an iron dish with salted water in it was placed under the spare-rib, the salt water to "baste" the spare-rib in order to give it a proper seasoning. The drippings from the rib were a stock for gravy; probably in addition to spare-rib were mashed potatoes,

mashed turnips, corn bread baked on a "Johnny-cake board," set up before the fire; "ris" biscuits, "ris" nut cakes, etc. Quilting bees were a sort of amusement. When a young lady had a quilt to stitch, she invited her girl friends to help her; after the quilt was finished, the supper; after supper, the boys would come, bringing with them a fiddler, and then a dance on a puncheon floor. To take the pioneer life all in all, there was far more of sunshine than shadow, more of joy than sorrow. As a rule the pioneers of Cuyahoga county were strict sabbatarians; with them Sunday commenced on Saturday night at sunset, and ended at sunset Sunday night, during which time no secular work was tolerated, unless absolutely necessary. None but the Bible and other religious books were allowed to be read. An account of the first temperance organization in Cuyahoga county may be of interest to some of the present generation, so I will attempt to give it.

From the time of the organization of Rockport township in 1816 down to 1827, it was customary for the trustees and township clerk, in consideration of the honorable positions they held, to keep a bottle of whisky on the table on election day, to which bottle all were made welcome. Datus Kelley, then a resident of Rockport, but now deceased, was the originator of this temperance organization. He was a friend to good order and considered it wrong to drink so much whisky.

On the first Monday of April, 1827, (spring election day) he presented his temperance pledge to the sovereigns of the township for their acceptance or rejection. The main features of the pledge were that all who signed it agreed to discountenance the practice of keeping the whisky bottle on the table during election, and of treating in consideration of being elected to an office. After ten or twelve had signed the pledge, it was evident that a hornets' nest had been stirred up. Some who refused to sign looked daggers, but said nothing; others, gathered in groups, were seen talking the subject over in a subdued but determined voice; a crisis had arisen; at length P. G. B—— (peace to his ashes, he died forty years ago) whose soul was big with indignation and patriotism, could hold in no longer, and broke out in a strain of eloquence most sublime. He warned his

fellow-citizens not to sign away their liberties, which were bought with so great a sacrifice. Patrick Henry's eloquence and John Randolph's irony and sarcasm were eclipsed. Already a man had been sent for a jug of whisky, as the objectors were determined not to act unwisely in a matter of so great importance. The whisky arrived and was passed around. A chairman was to be appointed, but before nominating one, they drank. The chairman had no need to tell the audience the object of the meeting, the whisky jug was there; and though mute it spoke as loud as Cæsar's wounds did at the time when Mark Anthony preached that world-wide celebrated funeral sermon. These bolters from the temperance pledge, after organizing, presented to the voters a pro-whisky ticket, and it was elected. But the whisky bottle was never again seen on the table at election. Pioneer life in Cuyahoga county, however, lost none of its interest.

The whole region of Northern Ohio was overrun with game of all sorts at the time of this first settlement, among which were bears, wolves, panthers, deer, and turkeys; the bears killing the pioneers' pigs, and wolves their sheep, if they had any; and the panthers were a great terror to the women, lest they might carry off their children if they wandered too far from the house. It used to be said that the scream of a panther was like the scream of a woman when in distress. To hear the wolves howl in the night was common in the west part of the county until about 1820. When a pack of them, a dozen or more, would assemble together and set up their howl, which would continue ten or fifteen minutes, it made night hideous. Though the wild animals of Northern Ohio were a fear and annoyance to the first settlers, yet there was much sport, and no small profit, in hunting the game. A wild turkey was as delicate and tender as a domestic one, and much larger. I have seen wild turkeys that weighed twenty-five pounds after being dressed. Deer and turkeys used to get very fat from eating acorns, chestnuts, and bechnuts; hogs got fat on the mast in the Fall of the year. Fat venison is far superior to any other meat that this deponent ever tasted. The pioneers used to salt venison in the Fall, and dry the hams, which were far better than dried beef. Raccoon hunting was rare sport. The coons would commence their raids on corn fields in the night time as soon as the corn was

large enough for roasting ears. A good coon dog was all-important in catching coons in a corn-field. A party starting out in the night, on arriving at the corn field, if the dog understood his business, he would make a circuit around the outside of the field, and when by his scent he struck a coon track, the hunters would hear from him. In 1820, a deer hunt was organized in the western part of Cuyahoga county and part of what is now Lorain county. The program was to surround the territory from the mouth of Rocky river to the mouth of Black river, a distance of about twenty miles, with a circle; the distance from the center of the circle to the lake shore being about six miles.

The hunters from far and near, numbering about one hundred, were early in the morning of the day and hour agreed, at their post in the circle, each with his dinner horn suspended by a string around his neck. Joseph Dean, of Rockport, being captain, blew his horn at the eastern terminus of the circle, then the next, and so on, till the sound reached the last hunter at the mouth of Black river, when they all commenced their march for the center of the circle, toward the lake shore. As the hunters advanced, they came nearer each other as a matter of course, and the deer were more numerously seen. The men halted within a mile of the lake shore, when the crack of their rifles was a continuous roar. Many deer were killed, with turkeys, and a few bears. They then commenced gathering their game, preparatory to skinning it. At the place where they gathered, resided a man by the name of Gant, who kept a sort of hotel, and had whisky to sell by the drink, quart or gallon. Whisky was cheap then; only twenty cents a gallon. Everybody drank it. "The times of this ignorance, God winked at." After the hunters had finished dressing their game, they were hungry, and every man had taken with him a knapsack well stored with provisions, but they wanted roasted venison, and Gant had salt wherewith to season it. Many large fires were built, over which they roasted their venison. Gant's bar was liberally patronized. Hilarity prevailed. He offered a gallon of whisky for two venison hams; the hams commenced going over the counter into the bar, Gant storing them away into a room behind the bar, which room had a back door. As the hunters became more and more

hilarious, some went round to the back door and took the hams and presented them again over Gant's counter for more whisky. I have the history of this hunt from Hon. Leverett Johnson of Dover, deceased, who represented Cuyahoga county two or three terms in the Ohio Legislature, he having participated in the hunt. It is more than probable that all the participants in it are now dead. Previous to 1809, when there was no road open west from Cleveland, the few settlers on the lake shore could not go to the grist mill at Newburgh to have their corn ground, consequently they pulverized it in a mortar. The mortar was made by building a fire on the stump of a large tree, and kept burning till a cavity was formed large enough to hold a peck of corn. Over this mortar was erected a spring-pole with a pestle attached to it. I well remember helping my sister pound corn in such a mortar in the long ago. That sister became the wife of the late Gaius Burke, of Newburgh, and mother of Oscar M. Burke, president and treasurer of the Lakeshore Foundry, and of Harvey Burke and Augustus M. Burke, both deceased, and both former treasurers of Cuyahoga county. At one time my father with another man went to River Raisin, Michigan, with a boat load of corn, to be ground at a grist mill built by the French missionaries, probably about the time the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. On his return, he brought some apples, the first I had ever seen; they were put in the loft of the cabin, and at stated times distributed by my mother among the children. With what a delicious perfume they filled that cabin. If the ambrosia and nectar on which the gods of high Olympus regaled themselves tasted as delicious to them as those apples did to us they must have had a very enjoyable time at their carousals.

The reader will please excuse me for giving some of my own experience and recollections of log-cabin life—recollections both pleasing and sad—yet none of remorse for wrong done to others. When I was eighteen years old, I made the acquaintance of a Yankee girl of the genuine Plymouth rock stamp named Laura Foot, born in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, in 1806, her father having emigrated from the Berkshire Hills in 1816, and settled on the lake shore in Dover. Two years afterwards, we were married, after which I bought land for a farm in Rockport, on the west side of Rocky river,

on the road leading from Cleveland to Elyria, a dense wilderness of heavy timber. In March, 1824, I built my log cabin on that land, and after cutting down all the trees that were liable to fall upon the house, I moved my wife with household goods into it. She was intelligent, pure-minded, with a great, warm heart, and an expert in the art of house-keeping, and could spin and weave cloth, and commenced the business as soon as I could raise flax and buy some sheep for the wool.

After being settled in my cabin, I commenced in earnest clearing land for corn, potatoes, etc. My whole outfit being a yoke of oxen, two cows, five hives of bees, and provisions enough to last through the Summer. I began to think that my wife was too good for me, and commenced to make myself better. Our health was good, sleep sweet, and that cabin was a paradise to us. Three children were born to us in it. The first died in infancy. If it had lived till now it would be sixty-five years old. Dear old log cabin; scene of so much more of joy than sorrow; so much more of sunshine than shadow. Occasionally I visit it in my dreams, as also the better house, built before vacating the former one, where my wife died on September 8, 1858, the 36th anniversary of our wedding day.

The sweetest joy vouchsafed to man,
I claimed as truly mine;
In the rude log cabin in the woods,
In the days of Auld Lang Syne.

There Jesus wooed me by his love,
The love that's all divine;
And taught my heart to sing his praise,
In the days of Auld Lang Syne.

The poor, whate'er might be his grade;
Howe'er debased the mind;
Forever found my door ajar,
In the days of Auld Lang Syne.

Dear old Lang Syne, good-bye, good-bye;
No more I'll taste thy joys in time.
I seek a brighter, purer life,
Better by far than Auld Lang Syne.

DIED AT THE AGE OF 107 YEARS.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., January 28, 1890.—“Aunt Katy” Currie, Orange county’s remarkable centenarian, died in Warwick, on Saturday night last, at the extraordinary age of 107 years and three months. Her maiden name was Catharine Woodruff, and she was born in the adjoining town of Monroe. When she was thirty-two years of age, she married Joseph Currie, a prominent and well-to-do farmer of Warwick, with whom she lived until his death, in 1872. “Aunt Katy” is entitled to the singular distinction of having gone to the altar as a bride after she had entered upon her ninety-second year. The bridegroom, James Nelson, was sixty-eight years old, and the marriage took place two years after the death of her first husband.

GONE TO HIS REST.

THE DEATH OF GEORGE L. CHAPMAN, A MAN WHO WILL LONG BE
REMEMBERED AS A REMARKABLY PERFECT EXAMPLE
OF THE TRUE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

Mr. George L. Chapman died at 3 P. M., January 2, 1890, in the ninety-third year of his age, at the residence, No. 290 Pearl street, which he erected in 1836, and which has been his home ever since. In many respects the deceased was a remarkable man. A week before his death he shaved himself, according to his custom. He never lost his mental clearness. His eyesight and hearing remained perfect to the end. Always a lover of music, his voice up to the last six months showed no signs of age, and he could sing in a manner as pleasing as ever. His death was most unexpected, the influenza that affected him not being considered alarming, until a few hours before the last. Like his life, his passing away was exceedingly peaceful and quiet, and all that could be desired for him.

Mr. Chapman was born on January 11, 1798, in Hartford, Connecticut. He was reared by his grandfather, Samuel P. Lord, who at one time owned Brooklyn township, which comprised all of what

is now the West Side. He came West when a young man, and was the oldest living settler of the West Side. In 1822, he was elected captain of the first company of the First Regiment of Cavalry of the Second Brigade of Division Seven of the militia of Ohio. In 1830, he was married to Miss Eliza H. Sargent, who lived to celebrate her golden wedding, in 1880. • Hon. George H. Chapman, who resides at No. 290 Pearl street with his wife and daughter, was the only child of that excellent couple.

The deceased was a strong Whig, and next a Republican. In the thirties he was City Marshal of Ohio City, now the West Side. He was one of the organizers of St. John's Episcopal Church, and for many years was its senior warden. The singular evenness and beauty of Mr. Chapman's long life have often been remarked by others than his relatives. His character was as fine as his physical being. Of few can it be said that no cross or impatient word was ever heard from their lips, but it is said of him. His lips were never parted to utter an uncharitable or harsh, cynical remark. He was sweet and lovable in disposition—one of the finest gentlemen of the times, using the word in its best meaning.—*Leader*.

JOHN SHELLEY.

The death of John Shelley, a highly respected citizen of Cleveland, occurred December 15, 1889. His death cast a shadow of deepest sorrow over a wide circle of personal friends. Mr. Shelley was born in England on September 29, 1815. While yet a boy in his teens he heard of the El Dorado of the West and determined to cast his fortunes with the new country that ever after was so dear to him. He came to Cleveland in 1835, and found it a village of less than two thousand population. In the half century that followed he saw the city increase a hundred fold, and each added ornament of municipal greatness was viewed by him with the pride and satisfaction of a pioneer and a patriot. He married Miss Clarinda Russell, of this city, sister of the late George H. Russell, the former treasurer

of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railroad, and the happy relations then begun continued the choicest of life's blessings, until they were interrupted by the death of Mrs. Shelley, twelve years ago. They had one child, Mrs. Edmund C. Pechin, who, with her two daughters and son, were a great source of comfort and cheer to Mr. Shelley's declining years. The business that most engaged Mr. Shelley's attention was transactions in real estate, but he was enabled to retire many years ago. In later years, freed from the cares of business, he lived very delightfully, spending a part of each year in his beautiful home on Prospect street, and a part in travel. He visited Europe frequently, having crossed the ocean more than a score of times. Mr. Shelley was devoutly religious. He became a warden and vestryman of Trinity Church fifty-three years ago, and his church always claimed his first consideration and its interests his liveliest sympathy. Next after his family and church, Mr. Shelley was devoted to his friends. In times of pleasure or pain, sorrow or rejoicing, they were sure of his ready sympathy and aid. As a result, few men in the city more endeared themselves to the older residents than John Shelley.

Some three months ago Mr. Shelley was stricken with paralysis and obliged to seek his bed. It was thought at first that he might rally, but he had passed the Scriptural limit of three score years and ten, and his life, like the trees his hands had fostered, was "in the sere and yellow leaf." His vital forces waned with the waning year, and when December came it was clear that the month would be his last. The calm of last Sabbath morning found him near the haven of eternal rest, and ere its close, crowned with the laurel of a well-spent life, he fell asleep.

The funeral occurred at 2:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon from his late residence, No. 587 Prospect street. Scores of gray-haired men and women crowded the ample parlors. The casket, almost concealed with flowers, rested in the middle parlor. Among the offerings was a white cross from the Veteran Grays, of which he had long been a member. During his sickness not a Sunday passed without some beautiful floral reminder from his former comrades-in-arms. The services were conducted by Rt. Rev. W. A. Leonard, Bishop of

Ohio, and Rev Dr. Bolles, and Rev. Y. P. Morgan, of Trinity Church, assisted by a choir consisting of Mrs. S. C. Ford, Mrs. Hoynes, Mr. Sholes and Mr. Bedoe. The service opened with "I heard the voice of Jesus say," by the choir. Dr. Bolles then read the opening sentences of the service and anthem. The choir followed with singing "Come ye disconsolate," after which Rev. Mr. Morgan read the lesson, and then pronounced an eloquent and graceful tribute upon the deceased. A memorial, adopted by the wardens and vestrymen of Trinity Church yesterday, was then read. Bishop Leonard read the creed, the prayers, and the benediction. The last selection of the choir was "I would not live away." When the solemn service closed the company pressed forward to look for the last time on the well-remembered face. The bearers were Samuel L. Mather, William Edwards, R. K. Winslow, John F. Whitelaw, Wilson Dodge, Thomas W. Burnham, Henry C. Ranney, Bolivar Butts, and Colonel C. W. Doubleday. The burial was beside the well-beloved wife at Lake View.—*Leader*.

EDWIN COWLES.

"Edwin Cowles died this morning at 3:20 o'clock." March 4, 1890.

Edwin Cowles was born in Austinburg, Ashtabula county, September 19, 1825, and was therefore nearly sixty-four years and six months old at the time of his death. He prided himself on his descent from good American stock, being descended on his grandfather's side from one of three brothers Cowles, who came to America about 1635, and settled in Farmington, Connecticut, and on his grandmother's side from Perigrine White, the first white child born in New England. His father removed to Cleveland in 1839, and Edwin, then in his fourteenth year, was sent to school here, and learned the trade of a printer. When he was nineteen years old he was associated with

Timothy H. Smead in the partnership of Smead & Cowles, job printers. Mr. Smead, who was about thirteen years older than Mr. Cowles, died just two months ago.

The partnership of Smead & Cowles continued about nine years. Among other work done by the firm was the printing of the *True Democrat*, an anti-slavery paper edited and published by George Bradburn and John C. Vaughn. The two editors differed in their views of several matters discussed in the columns of the paper, and carried their disagreements to such a pitch that facing pages of the same paper took opposite sides of the same subject, and the writers assailed each other savagely. While this quarreling was going on, the brothers Joseph and James Medill came to Cleveland, and established the *Forest City*, a Whig paper of anti-slavery leanings. The end was a conference between the editors and printers of the two papers, at which an agreement was reached for a dissolution of all the partnerships, a reorganization under the name of Medill, Cowles & Co., and a consolidation of the two newspapers and job office. Mr. Bradburn left the city, and Mr. Smead was bought out of the firm of Smead & Cowles. The consolidated paper was called the *Forest City Democrat*, with the Medills and Vaughn as editorial force, Edwin Cowles as publisher, and his younger brother, Alfred Cowles, as assistant. That was in 1853.

The name of *Forest City Democrat* was awkward, and in 1854 it was changed to that of Cleveland *Leader*. A year later the two Medills and Alfred Cowles went to Chicago, and purchased the *Tribune*. John C. Vaughn had also left the city, and Edwin Cowles became sole owner of the *Leader*. In 1859 he assumed direct charge of its editorial management, and from that time until within a few years his history is that of the paper. His individuality asserted itself in every department. He was a man of strong convictions, prejudices, and resentments. These he carried into the conduct of the paper, whether for its good or ill it is no place here to discuss. It is but just, however, to express the belief that he was honest in his sometimes peculiar views, and maintained them with a persistency that not unfrequently savored more of recklessness than policy. His indomitable will carried him through difficulties that would have disheartened most men,

and brought success out of what seemed irredeemable failure. He was a unique personality in the newspaper world; no man in it more widely known by reputation, even if others had a more extensive personal acquaintance.

In 1866 he organized the Leader Printing Company, and became its president, retaining the control of the stock. Of late years he has been heavily interested in the Cowles Aluminum Company, organized to carry out the patents of one of his sons for the manufacture of aluminum bronze. His interests in that company kept him in Europe much of the last two or three years.

In 1861 President Lincoln appointed Edwin Cowles postmaster of Cleveland, the first Republican who had ever filled that position. He retained the office five years, when he was succeeded by George A. Benedict, editor of the *Herald*. During the administration of Mr. Cowles the free delivery system was put into operation and became successful, although at first there was great opposition to it. That was the only political office ever held by him.

Mr. Cowles labored all his life under peculiar physical disadvantages that would have been passed over here, or but slightly referred to, if he had not himself frequently discussed the matter and authorized its publication at different times. From a biographical sketch published a few years ago, the materials for which were supplied by Mr. Cowles, the following account is taken without change: "From his birth he was afflicted with a defect in hearing, which caused so peculiar an impediment of speech that no parallel case was found on record. Until he was twenty-three years of age the peculiarity of this impediment was not discovered. At that age, Professor Kennedy, a distinguished elocutionist, became interested in his case, and, after a thorough examination, it was found that he never heard the hissing sound of the human voice, and consequently had never made that sound. Many of the consonants sounded alike to him. He never heard the notes of the seventh octave of a piano or organ. Never heard the upper notes of a violin, the fife in martial music, never heard a bird sing, and had always supposed that the music of the birds was a poetical fiction. After the discovery he experimented in a room where there were twenty canary birds by placing his ears

close to their cages and endeavoring to catch the sound of their singing, but not a note could be heard. While in the country he would get up at five o'clock on a June morning, and go out into the fields and endeavor to hear the music of the birds, but with no better success, although he could hear the low notes in music, but not a note in the seventh octave. He could hear low-toned conversation, but he never heard a note of a bird's singing, nor a hissing sound from the mouth. This discovery of his curious physical defect enabled him to act accordingly. After much time spent in practicing under Professor Kennedy's tuition he was enabled to learn arbitrarily how to make the hissing sound, but he never heard the sound himself. Owing to his deafness and peculiarity of speech he was the butt of the office in which he learned his trade, and many a hard-fought battle did he have to go through to defend himself from abuse. He fought grown-up journeymen printers as well as apprentices of his own age. Out of the ten or twelve printers who were in the habit of abusing him on account of his physical impediments not one prospered in life, and most of them were their own worst enemies." That last sentence is characteristic of the man, and throws light on much of his course. He firmly believed he was right in what he did and those who opposed him were wrong. It is evident that he believed also in a retribution upon his enemies other than that inflicted by his own direct influence.

Strong-willed as Mr. Cowles was, he had at the same time a kind heart and generous disposition. He was not ostentatious in his charities, and his name will not, perhaps, be remembered as figuring conspicuously on published subscription lists, but in the course of years the knowledge has come to the writer, in various ways, of many deeds of kindness unobtrusively done, and where there was not the slightest expectation that they would be known to any other than the recipients. He had a ready ear and a helping hand for women struggling to establish a footing for themselves where all was slippery ground.

Of those who were engaged in newspaper work in Cleveland when the writer joined their ranks, a third of a century ago, not one now remains in the field. All are either dead, have retired from the

business, or have sought other fields of labor. Edwin Cowles was the last remaining, and now he too has passed away.

Edwin Cowles was married in 1849, his younger brother Alfred, who died in Chicago last December, and himself marrying sisters. He leaves three sons and one married daughter. Another married daughter died a few years since.—*Plain Dealer*. (J. H. A. B.)

ROUNDED OUT A CENTURY.

CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTHDAY OF MRS. MARY ELIZABETH MOTT.

NEW YORK, January 15, 1890.—A birthday party, such as is seldom seen, was gathered yesterday on the Mott homestead at New Hackensack, New York, six miles back of Poughkeepsie. Five direct generations were assembled to do honor to Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Mott, widow of George B. Mott. She was born January 14, 1790, thus rounding off yesterday a full century of life. Gray-haired grandchildren surrounded her, while their own grandchildren prattled at her feet. Mrs. Mott's one hundredth birthday was celebrated at the home of her son, Morgan L. Mott, whose famous stock farm at New Hackensack is known to lovers of horse-flesh the country over. The venerable woman is still in possession of all her faculties, and greeted her descendants and guests with feelings that boys of sixty could not understand. They came to see her to the number of one hundred or more, and she held a reception from two o'clock in the afternoon until six o'clock. She remembered and called by name relatives whom she had not seen for twenty years. She received the guests in the handsome parlors of the house, which were literally banked with flowers. One large design bore the inscription "1790-1890," and another noticeable piece consisted of a horse-shoe of roses. Mrs. Mott sat in a chair over one hundred years old. She was dressed in black silk, and wore a lace cape which she wore in her younger days.

WILLIAM FERRIS.

This venerable pioneer passed away, in 1890, at the ripe age of eighty-two years. He was born in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, in 1808; moved to Ontario county, New York, when about three years old, and in 1815 came to Ohio with his father and family. The journey was made in a covered wagon drawn by oxen, and occupied nearly six weeks. September 15, 1815, the Ferris family arrived in Willoughby, but removed a year later to Royalton, arriving there on the last day of 1816, the locality being nothing but a wilderness. In the June previous, Henry and Thomas Francis and Robert Engle had settled there from New York, and they, with the exception of the families of B. Clark and John Ferris, the father of William, were the only settlers there. At that time there were Indians abounding in the vicinity, together with plenty of bears, deer, wild turkey and some wolves. In 1819, occurred the famous Hinkley hunt, when the township of Royalton was surrounded by the settlers, who closed in on three hundred deer, seventeen bears, five wolves, and some small game, and killed them. William Ferris, then ten years old, was present and made himself useful by leading a blind man by the name of Knight Sprague. In common with most boys in the early days on the Western Reserve, William Ferris had to go forth to battle with the world at an early age. As a young man he used to work for \$10 a month, and saved \$100 a year out of that. In 1832, he married Miss Amanda McClafin, settled on a small farm, bought more land, cleared a spot and built a log house, and then turned his attention to clearing off his farm. One year he and his brother made 1,400 pounds of maple sugar, then selling at one shilling a pound, store pay. Butter was then eight cents a pound, calico and cotton cloth twenty-five cents a yard. Mr. Ferris paid from \$3 to \$18 an acre for his farm. In order to get provisions he had to go to Newburg, then a larger place than Cleveland. On the road from Royalton to Newburg there were only blazed trees to indicate the way. Where the Weddell House now stands was a corn field.

Mr. Ferris lived on his farm until after the close of the war. He moved to Cleveland in 1868, voting for Grant for president in the

morning, and moving into town in the afternoon. He and his wife celebrated their golden wedding in 1882; Mrs. Ferris died in 1884.

Mr. Ferris never made use of tobacco in any form, nor did he drink at all, although at harvest time and barn raisings the liquor was always on hand in those days, and was considered an essential feature of hospitality. His house and barn, however, were raised without liquor. He was noted for his uncomplaining and cheerful disposition, and he lived an honest and conscientious life. His death was peaceful.

J. M. Ferris, now of Toledo, general manager of the Toledo & Ohio Central, is a son of the deceased. Henry Ferris, another son, was killed in the late rebellion while with Sherman in Georgia.

ANOTHER WORTHY CITIZEN GONE.

Charles Hickox, one of Cleveland's oldest and most influential citizens, died at 1:30 P. M., April 18, 1890, at his residence, No. 778 Euclid avenue. Mr. Hickox was nearly eighty years of age, and had been a resident of Cleveland for fifty-three years. A widow, three sons, F. E. Hickox, C. G. Hickox and R. W. Hickox, and one daughter, Mrs. H. H. Brown, survive him.

April 8, Mr. Hickox was taken ill with a difficulty which soon developed into pneumonia. His death was quiet and painless, and he died surrounded by the members of his family. His wife, who six months ago sustained a severe stroke of paralysis, was wheeled into his apartment, and although by reason of her disease she was unable to speak to him, she thoroughly understood the situation and looked upon his face when he breathed his last.

Charles Hickox was born in Washington, Litchfield county, Connecticut, November 17, 1810. He was the son of Jonathan and Elizabeth Taylor Hickox. Mr. Hickox had three brothers. One of these, Milo H. Hickox, lived in Cleveland for a number of years, and died in 1866. Another, Ralph Hickox, was for years the cashier of

the Western Reserve bank, in Warren. The third brother, George Hickox, died in Rochester at the age of twenty-five years.

In 1817, the family of Jonathan Hickox moved from Connecticut, settling in Canfield, Trumbull county. When Charles Hickox was sixteen years old, he moved from there to Rochester, New York, with his mother, residing in Rochester and Geneseo, New York, until 1837, when he came to Cleveland. From that time on he never left this city.

For two years he was employed as a clerk by a Mr. Backus, a forwarding commission merchant on Merwin street. In 1839, he entered into partnership with Jonathan Gillett under the firm name of Gillett & Hickox. After carrying on a profitable business for several years, he separated from Mr. Gillett and carried on a forwarding and commission business until 1852; when he became interested in the milling business, now transacted by the Cleveland Milling Company.

Mr. Hickox always took a great interest in politics from a Republican standpoint, but never held any official position, except that of councilman. He was one of the first directors of the Cleveland, Painesville & Ashtabula Railroad Company, and continued as such until 1859. He was at one time a director in the old Merchants' Bank, and had been a sinking fund commissioner ever since the commission was established. In many other enterprises in Cleveland and elsewhere he has been largely interested, and at the time of his death was president of the Republic Iron Company, and a director in the Toledo & Ohio Central and the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis railroad companies.

Mr. Hickox's marriage occurred in 1843, in Warren, Trumbull county. His wife was a Miss Laura A. Freeman, daughter of Judge Freeman, of Warren.

The deceased had lived in Cleveland for over half a century, and his business integrity and capacity had won him not only wealth, but what is better, the honorable distinction of being classed among the foremost and worthiest residents of his adopted city. Add to this the kindness of his disposition, known best to those who stood nearest to him in life, and it becomes evident that his family and the community have met with a severe loss. His public spirit is evidenced

by the magnificent new building now being constructed on the corner of Euclid avenue and Erie street, on the site of the old First Baptist Church. In this structure he took the greatest interest, and was giving a part of his time to it even up to the day when he was stricken with his last illness.

HIRAM A. PEASE.

My beloved father, Hiram Abiff Pease, was born in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, on the 19th of April, 1797, making him ninety-two years, four months, and ten days at the time of his decease. He came to Ohio about 1834, having a family of six small children whom he wished to educate, but was not able to do this in his old home, from lack of means. The Oberlin enterprise found him ready with heart and hand to endure all the hardships and privations incident to pioneer life, together with the prejudice and poverty that for years clung to that school. He was a radical reformer, of unflinching courage, and readily espoused any new cause that commended itself to his better judgment. After a few years he was induced to move to Berea, Ohio, where, together with Harry O. Sheldon, John Baldwin and others, a "community" was formed, which proved to be neither as agreeable or lucrative as was represented, and like other short-lived things, soon gave up the ghost. This failure sent father back to Oberlin, where he remained until four years ago—his home being broken up—he came to live with his daughters. His unusually cheerful temperament—often amounting to jollity—rendered him at all times an interesting and entertaining member of the household. His keen sense of wit and great eccentricity of character may possibly be more fully understood by reading the lines he at one time was quite determined to have cut upon the big granite boulder that now marks his resting place. Let me quote them :

" Under this sod, and under these trees,
Lies the body of Hiram A. Pease.
He is not here—only his pod—
He shelled out his soul,
And went back to God."

Anything that was odd, or would create a hearty laugh, gave him great satisfaction, but the expense of lettering the verse made him decide to forego his wishes, for a useless outlay of either time or money was not in accordance with his principles. The greatest trial of his old age was the loss of his hearing. Still he ever maintained a cheerful demeanor, and manifested a remarkable degree of patience. The anti-slavery question was very dear to his heart. He took an active part in the management of the "underground railroad," and was closely identified with the famous "Wellington rescue case," which implicated so many citizens, though, as usual, his quick wit saved him any personal trouble. Having been a staunch abolitionist all his life, it was his expressed wish that some of his sable friends should perform the last offices incident to his burial. While in his usual health, one week previous to his final illness, he called upon those he had selected, most of whom were life-long acquaintances, and presenting each one with his photograph, requested them to act as pall-bearers when he should need their services. His three remaining children felt honored in acceding to his wish. The soft September sun was just setting as those chosen ones reverently, and with tear-wet faces, tenderly laid the dear old man down to sleep.

"That life was happy—every day he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his ;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries ;
No chronic tortures racked his aged limbs,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

"And I am glad that he has lived thus long ;
And I am glad that he has gone to his reward ;
Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital chord,
When his weak hand grew palsied and his eye
Dark with the mists of age—it was his time to die."

MRS. C. W. STEARNS.

Cleveland, 894 Case avenue.

BENAJAH WILLIAMS.

Benajah Williams, who died at his home in Chagrin Falls, April 9, 1890, was born April 17, 1820, at West Mendon (now Honeoye Falls), Monroe county, New York. His father, Rev. Benajah Williams, was a pioneer Methodist preacher in Western New York, uniting with the Genesee conference in the year 1818. He died in 1864, and was buried at Chagrin Falls, where also lie the remains of the mother. Benajah, the subject of this sketch, was of the eighth generation in direct descent from, and beginning with, Robert Williams, who came to America from England and settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1638. There were of Rev. Benajah's family ten children, most of whom were well known at Chagrin; three daughters, one of whom died in infancy in 1833, and seven sons. Mrs. Louisa Neff, the oldest of the children, died December 15, 1879, aged nearly seventy years, and was buried at Laclede, Linn county, Missouri. One daughter, Mrs. Lovisa Locke, now about seventy-nine years old, lives in Rochester, New York. One brother, William McKendree, now seventy-two years old, lives at Honeoye Falls, New York. The three other surviving brothers are younger than Benajah, viz.: Francis S., residing at Minneapolis; Adam C., at Columbus, and Hon. A. J., at Cleveland. Lorenzo D., the oldest of the brothers, was for many years a teacher at Chagrin Falls, and was the first postmaster at that place. He was for a long time professor of natural sciences at Allegheny College. He died and was buried at Meadville, Pennsylvania. John W., the next brother, died and was buried at Chagrin Falls.

Benajah, the subject of this sketch, removed, with his parents, from his birthplace to Ohio, and settled in Chagrin Falls in June, 1840. He attended his brother L. D.'s school for some time, and then entered as a clerk in the store of the late A. C. Gardner. Perhaps the firm then was Gardner & Hallock. On the 5th of January, 1842, he married Hannah Maria, daughter of Mr. Gardner. He continued in the employ of Mr. Gardner until the Fall of 1844, when he removed to Newbury, Geauga county, and in partnership with Mr. Gardner engaged in general merchandising, which was continued until the Spring of 1851, when he returned to Chagrin, and there continued

the business for many years. In his long-continued and extensive business as a merchant, Mr. Williams established his well-earned and well-merited reputation as an energetic, enterprising, liberal and thoroughly honest man. His wife, Hannah, died at Chagrin Falls, April 23, 1865, leaving two daughters, Mrs. Dr. Leonard, of Detroit, and Mrs. E. Varian, of Chagrin. A daughter, Althea, died March 3, 1857, aged nine years. On January 21, 1866, he married for his second wife Mrs. Ann S. Kent, who bore him two daughters, Ann and Fanny, who were living at his home at the time of his decease. She died February 2, 1887. On the 26th day of December, 1887, he married Mrs. Cynthia B. Cooper, who survives to mourn his loss.

OLIVER C. HUBBELL.

Mr. Oliver C. Hubbell, for a long time a resident of the West Side, having come to the city to live in the year 1861, died at the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. F. W. Davis, No. 387 Pearl street. Mr. Hubbell was born in the town of Newburgh, April 8, 1818, and was at the time of his death a little past his seventy-second birthday. He was a son of Jedediah Hubbell, the youngest son of a large family, and the last of the family to survive. The Hubbell family were the first to locate in the township of Warrensville, but did not remain there. The Warren family came into the township soon after, and remaining, gave the town its name. The Hubbell family originally came from Vermont, in the good old-fashioned way—in a covered wagon—and were weeks upon the journey. Mr. Hubbell's early life was spent in the townships of Warrensville and Chagrin Falls. He joined the Disciples' Church at Chagrin Falls about the year 1838, and was ever since that time a faithful and devoted Christian, and for the last twenty-nine years was a member of the Franklin Avenue Disciple Church.

Mr. Hubbell was united in marriage with Harriett Harding, April 29, 1841, with whom he lived till her death, which occurred some four years ago. He leaves a family of six children—Mrs. T. F.

Lyon, of Omaha; Victor D. Hubbell, of Chicago; and Mrs. F. W. Davis, Mrs. M. B. Sturtevant, Miss Leora F. Hubbell, and O. S. Hubbell, of Cleveland. Mr. Hubbell's health had been failing for over a year, and for a number of months he had been confined to his bed, yet he bore his sickness and suffering with a patience and fortitude truly surprising, seldom, if ever, making any complaint, and seeking at all times to give as little trouble as possible. Although not possessed of much wealth, he was uniformly kind and generous to the poor, helping the needy and afflicted whenever opportunity offered.

GEORGE B. MERWIN.

Mr. George B. Merwin, a pioneer of this county, who during the course of his life had witnessed Cleveland develop from a hamlet into a great and populous city, died in 1888. Mr. Merwin had been in poor health for several years, but his death was hastened by a partial stroke of paralysis from which he suffered for about three weeks. He died in his apartments at Huron Terrace, Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock. He was well known to the pioneers of the county, and the old settlers will be grieved to learn of his death.

George B. Merwin was the descendant of sturdy New England stock. His father, Noble H. Merwin, was the founder of commerce in this vicinity, and in his day was one of the foremost men in Cleveland. Noble H. Merwin was born and reared in New Milford, Connecticut, and in that place he married Minerva Buckingham. In 1809, George Merwin was born, and three years later his parents removed to Savannah, Georgia, where his father engaged in mercantile pursuits. In 1815, Mr. Merwin, Sr., came to Cleveland, and his wife, accompanied by their children, followed him the following year. In coming from Georgia to this city, they crossed the Alleghenies, and were six weeks in accomplishing the journey, traveling all the way by wagons. Mr. Merwin, in this city, engaged in keeping public house, or tavern, as it was then called, at the corner of Superior street and Vineyard lane. He also established a warehouse at the foot of Su-

perior street, and became identified with the commerce of the lakes. He built the schooner *Minerva*, the first vessel registered at Washington from the district of Cuyahoga county under the United States Internal Revenue laws. Mr. Merwin's business enterprises were very successful, and young George was sent to a famous military school in Vermont to be educated. Subsequently he went to Detroit to complete his training. He lived in a French family while in that city, and acquired a knowledge of that language, which he studied until he became a proficient linguist and reader. Returning home, the young man entered the dry goods store of the late Richard Hilliard, at the foot of Water street, as a clerk. He remained with Mr. Hilliard until after his father's death, in 1829. His father left a large property, the management of which required all his time and attention. In his youth, Mr. Merwin was regarded as an unusually accomplished young man. About 1835, he was married to Miss Lorette Wood, the only daughter of the late ex-Governor Reuben Wood, who, with her parents, had come to Cleveland on the first steamer which plowed the waters of Lake Erie. For some years Mr. and Mrs. Merwin resided on Prospect street, near Sterling avenue, but they afterwards purchased the Kelly farm, in Rockport, adjoining the homestead of Governor Wood, and a short distance west of Rocky River. In 1853, Governor Wood was sent to South America as Consul at Valparaiso, and Mr. Merwin accompanied him in the capacity of secretary. Governor Wood, for a time, was the temporary United States Minister in Chili. While in South America, Mr. Merwin acquired a knowledge of the Spanish language, which he wrote and spoke with fluency. After returning to America, the families of ex-Governor Wood and Mr. Merwin lived at their homesteads in Rockport, and there, in 1864, Mr. Wood died. Mr. Merwin led a quiet, retired life for many years. Ten years ago his health began to fail, and his vigorous constitution gradually gave way. For several years he wintered in California, and while on the Pacific slope a little over a year ago, he first suffered from a paralytic attack. He returned from the West last Spring, and secured apartments at Huron Terrace. He had been in very feeble health for the past year, but his death was hastened by a fall he sustained a few weeks since. For three days

prior to his death he was in a comatose state, and his spirit took flight while he remained in that condition. Mr. Merwin was a man of fine presence and noble bearing. He was endowed with many excellent qualities which endeared him to his friends. His declining days were made happy by the presence of his faithful wife, who survives him. Within a few years Mrs. Merwin has been afflicted by the death of her mother and her son.

She has borne her trying bereavements with Christian fortitude, and bears up nobly under this last great affliction. About a year since Mr. and Mrs. Merwin buried their only son, Noble H. Merwin, who died in San Francisco. Their only daughter is the wife of Capt. P. G. Watmough.—*Leader*.

ROBERT BAILEY.

Another of Cleveland's old settlers has passed away in the person of Robert Bailey, who died of pneumonia, at his late residence, No. 67 Brownell street, Tuesday, February 11th, 1890, in his eightieth year. Mr. Bailey was born near Londonderry, in the north of Ireland, April 26th, 1810, being the eldest of nine children of John and Elizabeth Delmi Bailey. Their seven sons were men of fine physical development, each exceeding six feet in height. The family is of Scotch descent. Mr. Bailey was an invalid for twenty of the late years of his life, but his physical suffering he endured with great fortitude.

Men of strong character, provided they mean right and are good at heart when they come to old age, generally find happiness in it. The waywardness and ruggedness of youth and manhood are all gone, and there is left a certain mellowness and ripeness of strength which it is altogether pleasant and profitable to come in contact with. Such a man was Robert Bailey, and that such was his old age his family and friends can testify. His was one of those warm, impulsive natures sustained by high principle which makes a character lovable and yet strong. He had a hearty contempt for that which was unjust or dishonest, and was ever quick to oppose the wrong.

Mr. Bailey's parents came to America when he was six years old and settled at Utica, N. Y. He himself came to Cleveland in 1834, when there were but three thousand people here. The marvelous growth and prosperity of our city he has therefore witnessed from the beginning, and that he contributed an honorable share towards it is attested by the fact that he was twice a member of the City Council, and was also on the Board of Education. He was an energetic and successful dealer in stoves, pumps and copper supplies. His place of business was on Superior street, opposite the site of the new Perry-Payne building. Mr. Bailey was a man who took advanced ground in business as well as on social and political questions. He was the first manufacturer in Cleveland to limit a day's work to ten hours. He devoted much time and study to the subject of combustion, obtaining several important patents in cooking and heating stoves. The first metal roof and cornice in the city of Cleveland was put on by Mr. Bailey on the Oviatt block (now the telegraph building), corner of Superior and Water streets. He was also the first to introduce the blacking of new stoves, which were formerly sold by the dealers as they came from the foundry. During his business career Mr. Bailey was twice burned out, sustaining almost total loss, since that was before the days of insurance companies, but through his well-known integrity and characteristic energy he soon re-established himself in each case.

Mr. Bailey leaves a widow and five children. He was twice married. John and James Bailey, Mrs. John Benjamin, and Miss Helen Bailey, deceased, were the children by his first wife, Ottilie Kingsley Whitamore Bailey, whom he married at Utica, N. Y., July 16th, 1832, and who died November 28th, 1846, while Dr. Robert Bailey, of this city, Mrs. Ernest Barnum, of Chicago, and Gaylord Bailey, deceased, were the children of his surviving widow, Lucie Case Bailey, married on the 7th of December, 1847. Among his brothers are Dr. William Bailey, formerly a dentist in this city, now of Utica, N. Y.; Mr. John M. Bailey, deceased, of this city; Mr. James Bailey, of Utica, a protector of the first Pacific railway; and Rev. Hugh Bailey, deceased, late rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Ashtabula, O.—*Leader*.

GEN. A. S. SANFORD.

Another honored and widely known citizen has passed away. General Alfred S. Sanford, who yesterday morning read the obituary notice of his comrade and friend, the late George H. Russell, is today the subject of a similar sketch. He died very suddenly, at 12 o'clock, December 23d, 1888, of congestion of the heart. He had lived in Cleveland nearly sixty years, and been active in the business, official and military life of the city. He was born in Milford, Conn., in 1804, and was the son of a sea captain. Only two of a large family of brothers and sisters now survive, Mr. Charles Sanford, of Chicago, and Mrs. N. B. Taylor, of Indianapolis. On attaining his majority Mr. Sanford left his native State and went to Albany, where he signalized a brief residence by becoming a member of the city volunteer fire department. He next went to Rochester, and although he stayed there only about two years he became an influential member of the Rochester Grays, the star military company of the city. In 1829, at the age of twenty-five years, he came to the Western Reserve, and soon found his way to Cleveland. During the first few years of his residence here, he engaged, among other things, in the shoe trade. His best known business career, however, began in 1834, when he founded the firm of Sanford & Lott, now Short & Forman. Mr. Lott was a practical printer, and General Sanford, having received a good education in Connecticut, managed the office. The firm were bookbinders, printers, stationers, and publishers. They issued a book entitled "The Museum," and also in 1836 published the first city directory of Cleveland. In 1845, Mr. Lott retired, and Colonel W. H. Hayward was admitted as the junior member, making the well-known firm name of Sanford & Hayward. This firm, like its predecessor, was located on Superior street, seven doors from Water street, and there it remained until the building was torn down. At the breaking out of the war, Colonel Hayward went into the service, and for a year the business was conducted by Mr. Sanford as sole proprietor, but in 1863 he sold it to his brother, E. Sanford, and Colonel Hayward, his former partner, who revived the old firm name of Sanford & Hayward. The same year General Sanford became the head of the house

of Sanford, Keyes & Mix, carpet dealers. In 1866, he dissolved his connection with this firm and retired. Other enterprises claimed his attention at various times in his career. He was president of both the Carp Lake and French River mining companies, before they were merged into other enterprises. He was also a director and vice president of the well remembered Butterfly Iron Mill, which was sold a score of years ago.

General Sanford always had a lively interest in military affairs. He was a charter member of the Cleveland Grays, joining them as First Lieutenant and being promoted to Captain.

He was also Captain of the Cleveland Light Artillery at one time, and was patron of the organization until his death. He was a member of the Cleveland Light Artillery Association, and one of the Veteran Grays. He won his title of General of the State Militia in 1850, and had command of the troops when they were ordered out to quell the riot occasioned by the alleged grave robbing of the medical students, who occupied the old Mechanics' Block, now the Ontario Street House at the corner of Prospect and Ontario streets. The mob threatened murder and arson, but was quieted without much trouble. General Sanford was also long connected with the volunteer fire department of the city. He organized several companies, and was assistant chief and finally chief of the department. He was a member of the Early Settlers' Association, and had been a Freemason for more than fifty years. He was a charter member of Iris Lodge F. and A. M., and had taken his degree in the Webb Royal Arch Chapter.

General Sanford was married February 9, 1833, to Mrs. Maria Hayward, of Euclid, Ohio, who, with one son, Colonel J. R. Sanford, survives him. He was a thoroughly charitable man of the practical kind, and his death will bring sorrow not only to his own elegant home, but to scores of houses where kindness is almost a stranger, and want a constant guest. Although General Sanford had been in feeble health for some time, his final sickness did not begin until last Wednesday. Saturday night he was so far recovered as to sit up, and Sunday morning he chatted very cheerfully with his physician, and all the household thought he would be about again

this morning. At twelve o'clock he suddenly placed his hand to his heart, and as his son bent to raise him his life went out.—*Leader*.

RODOLPHUS EDWARDS.

Rodolphus Edwards, whose death occurred at his home on Woodland Hills, on Thursday, August 21, 1890, was a son of Rodolphus Edwards. The latter was a member of the surveying party in the Western Reserve in 1798, in which year he arrived at Cleveland, together with Nathaniel Dan, wife, one son and three daughters, Samuel Dodge, father of the late Henry Dodge, Nathan Chapman, Stephen Gilbert and Joseph Landon. These eleven persons were the total permanent additions to the population of Cleveland during the year 1798. Mr. Edwards had followed surveying previous to coming here, and the compass used by him from 1792 to 1798 may be seen in the rooms of the Historical Society, to which it was donated by Mr. Edwards, recently deceased. Mr. Edwards, Sr., the first year he was in Cleveland built a log cabin "under the hill" at the foot of Superior street. He remained there, however, but a short time, and on account of the malaria at the mouth of the Cuyahoga, removed in a year or two, with two or three other families, to the high land running from Doan's Corners to Newburg. He appears to have been a man of much intelligence and great good sense and judgment, and was very useful in the early days of the Reserve. He was chairman of the first town meeting held in Cleveland, April 5, 1802, at the house of James Kingsbury. Mr. Edwards came here from Chenango county, New York, but the family is of Connecticut origin, the father of Rodolphus, Sr., having been born in Tolland county, that State, in 1739. Later he also came to Cleveland, and died at the house of his son, in 1831, aged ninety-two years. His name was Adoinjah. He was in the war of the Revolution under General Stark, who as he drew his forces up to attack Burgoyne, said to his men: "Fellow-soldiers, there is the enemy. If we do not take them Molly Stark will be a widow to-night." Rodolphus Ed-

wards, Sr., heard from the lips of his father much of the history of that great war for the independence of this country, as well as the part taken in it by his father, and in memory of the gallant and brave general under whom his father served, named his first son Stark, who was born December 6, 1808, and died June 19, 1877.

Rodolphus, Jr., was born July 15, 1818. He had a sister, Sally, who married Patrick Thomas, son of William Thomas, who was an uncle of Major-General George H. Thomas. The branch of the Edwards family from which Mr. Edwards was descended was of much prominence in Connecticut, and gave to that State and country many distinguished names. Among them may be mentioned Jonathan, who graduated at Yale College in 1720, and who became president of Nassau Hall College, and is mentioned as one of the most celebrated and orthodox divines in New England. The latter's son, Jonathan, was president of Union College, at Schenectady, and noted for great reasoning power and strength of mind. Rodolphus Edwards was a member of the Early Settlers' Association, and took great satisfaction in talking of the early days of Cleveland. He was well known in the easterly part of the city, and had the respect and esteem of the community through a long and active life. His father bought a tract of land on what is now known as Woodland Hills, and kept a hotel there for many years. A large part of this property yet remains in the possession of the family, and here, on the old homestead, the son died, Thursday last, aged seventy-two years.
—*Leader*.

THE AUTHOR OF "LOVELL'S PROGRESSIVE READER" FULL OF LIFE AT NINETY-SIX—SOME OTHERS.

MIDDLETOWN, Aug. 21, 1890.—The venerable Connecticut schoolmaster, John E. Lovell, author of the once popular "Lovell's Progressive Reader," is still a pretty lively old gentleman, though he had trouble with one of his feet lately. He is nearly ninety-six years old. He resides in the neighborhood of New Haven. A day or two ago

he visited the Elm City, and a surgeon attended to his trouble. Then he took a walk about town, calling upon friends, and visited several of the schools, and he stepped as briskly as a man of fifty ought to do. The surgical act was done by an old-time pupil, Dr. James Hickox. Probably no other schoolmaster ever was able to retain the affection of his pupils so long and steadfastly. Last Winter about one hundred ladies and gentlemen who call themselves the Lovell scholars gave their old master a royal banquet in New Haven, and he was so feeble at that time that none supposed he would survive the Winter. But he rallied finely as soon as warm weather came, and now is just about as sound and vigorous as ever.

Another lively old Connecticut resident is Mrs. Horace Wilcox, of New Britain, who is just ninety years old, and very proud of it, too. All her mental and physical faculties are still intact. She does her housework nimbly, reads the papers daily, and is informed on all the topics of the hour.

James Boyle, of Chester, ninety-two years old, is also hale and active.

Mrs. Sarah L. Whittlesey, of this city, is ninety-eight years old, and famously bright and active. Few Connecticut old ladies can do as much work or enjoy a day's outing as heartily.

A COMPLETE LIST

OF THE

MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

Since its Organization, November 19, 1879, to September 1, 1890.
Total, 893.

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Abbey, Seth A.	New York,	1798	1831	1880
Ackley, J. M.	Ohio,	1835	1835
Adams, C. D.	Ohio,	1848	1848
Adams, C. M.	Ohio,	1843	1843
Adams, Mrs. C. M.	Ohio,	1845	1845
Adams, Darius	Ohio,	1810	1810
Adams, E. E.	Ohio,	1830	1830
Adams, Mrs. E. E.	Ohio,	1836	1836
Adams, Geo. H.	England,	1821	1840
Adams, Mrs. Geo. H.	New York,	1822	1849
Adams, Joseph J.	New York,	1835	1840
Adams, Mrs. Mary A.	Ohio,	1811	1811	1885
Adams, Sam'l E.	New York,	1818	1837
Adams, Mrs. S. E.	Vermont,	1819	1839
Adams, W. K.	New York,	1812	1831	1882
Addison, H. M.	Ohio,	1818	1818
Addison, Mrs. H. M.	Pennsylvania,	1825	1844
Aiken, Mrs. E. E. B.	New York,	1821	1835
Akers, Mrs. Catherine	Ireland,	1818	1847
Akers, W. J.	England,	1845	1847

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Alleman, C. J.	Ohio,	1833	1833
Allen, James M.	Ohio,	1831	1831
Allen, John W.	Connecticut,	1802	1825	1887
Amy, Adelia	Ohio,	1827	1827
Andrews, Mrs. J. A.	Ohio,	1816	1816	1889
Andrews, Marion T.	New York,	1807	1832
Andrews, Sherlock J.	Connecticut,	1801	1825	1880
Angell, George	Germany,	1830	1838	1885
Anthony, Ambrose	Massachusetts,	1810	1834	1886
Atwell, C. R.	New York,	1813	1817
Avery, Rev. J. T.	New York,	1810	1839
Avery, W. G.	Ohio,	1840	1840
Babcock, Chas. H.	Connecticut,	1823	1834
Babcock, P. H.	Ohio,	1816	1816
Babcock, Mrs. P. H.	Ohio,	1841	1841
Bailey, John M.	New York,	1820	1835	1886
Bailey, Robert	Ireland,	1810	1834	1890
Baker, Mrs. S. G.	Ohio,	1839	1839
Baldwin, Charles C.	Connecticut,	1834	1835
Baldwin, Dudley	New York,	1809	1819
Baldwin, Mrs. Dudley	Ohio,	1810	1833
Baldwin, Norman C.	Connecticut,	1802	1816	1887
Ballou, Loring V.	Massachusetts,	1813	1838
Banton, Thomas	England,	1816	1832
Barber, Josiah	Ohio,	1825	1825	1884
Barber, Mrs. J. T.	New Hampshire,	1804	1818	1887
Bardwell, J. W.	New York,	1835	1838
Bardwell, Mrs. J. W.	Ohio,	1845	1845
Barnett, James	New York,	1821	1825
Barnett, Mrs. M. H.	Germany,	1822	1835
Barney, Lucius	Vermont,	1804	1822	1890
Barr, Mrs. Judge John	Connecticut,	1820	1837
Bartlett, Nicholas	Massachusetts,	1822	1833
Bartlett, Mrs. S. A.	Connecticut,	1813	1834
Bartram, Wheeler	Connecticut,	1808	1829	1887

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Bauder, Levi	New York,	1812	1830	1882
Bauder, L. F.	Ohio,	1840	1840
Beanston, John	Scotland,	1810	1837
Beardsley, I. L.	New York,	1819	1838
Beardsley, Mrs. I. L.	New York,	1821	1836
Beardsley, Lester C.	New York,	1833	1839
Beardsley, Mrs. L. C.	Ohio,	1836	1836
Beavis, Benj. R.	England,	1826	1834	1884
Becker, Michael	Germany,	1824	1836
Beckwith, M. E.	New York,	1823	1825	1887
Beckwith, Mrs. M. E.	Canada,	1819	1838
Beers, Mrs. L. Emma	New York,	1824	1831
Beers, D. A.	New Jersey,	1816	1818	1880
Beers, L. F.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Belden, Mrs. Silas	New York,	1808	1840	1890
Benedict, L. D.	Vermont,	1827	1830
Benham, F. M.	Connecticut,	1801	1811	1890
Bennett Jane	Shetland Isle,	1803	1837
Bently, W.	Ohio,	1844	1844
Berghoff, Peter	Germany,	1817	1834	1890
Berry, George W.	England,	1822	1841
Berry, Mrs. George W.	England,	1825	1843
Berg, John	Germany,	1817	1842	1889
Beverlin, John	Pennsylvania,	1813	1834
Beverlin, Mrs. G.	Ohio,	1817	1842
Bingham, Elijah	New Hampshire,	1800	1835	1881
Bingham, Mrs. Elijah	New Hampshire,	1805	1835
Bingham, William	Connecticut,	1816	1836
Bingham, Mrs. E. Beardsley	Ohio,	1822	1826
Bishop, Mrs. E. W.	Ohio,	1821	1821	1886
Bishop, Jesse P.	Vermont,	1826	1836	1881
Blackwell, Benj. T.	New Jersey,	1808	1832
Blackwell, Mrs. T. J.	Connecticut,	1816	1817
Blair, Elizabeth	Ohio,	1820	1820
Blair, H. L.	New York,	1828	1832

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Blair, Mary Jane	Ohio,	1818	1818
Blee, Robert	Ohio,	1832	1835
Blish, Mrs. A. M.	New York,	1826	1837
Bliss, Stoughton	Ohio,	1823	1823
Blossom, H. C.	Ohio,	1822	1822	1883
Bolton, Mrs. Thos.	New York,	1822	1833
Borges, J. F.	Germany,	1810	1835
Bosworth, Mrs. L.	New York,	1828	1847
Bosworth, Milo	New York,	1806	1841
Boulton, Marian	England,	1807	1852
Bowler, N. P.	New York,	1820	1839
Bowler, Arvilla M. R.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Bowler, William	New York,	1822	1833
Boynton, Silas A.	Ohio,	1835	1835
Brainard, Geo. W.	New Hampshire,	1827	1834
Brainard, Mrs. G. W.	Ohio,	1831	1831
Brainard, Mrs. Stephen	Massachusetts,	1802	1815
Branch, Dr. D. G.	Vermont,	1805	1833	1880
Branch, Mrs. Eliza	Vermont,	1814	1819	1887
Brayton, H. F.	New York,	1812	1836	1888
Brett, J. W.	England,	1816	1838
Brooks, Dr. M. L.	Connecticut,	1813	1818
Brooks, O. A.	Vermont,	1814	1834
Brooks, S. C.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Brown, Hiram	Michigan,	1823	1837
Brown, Mrs. Hiram	England	1822	1832
Brush, Col. I. E.	New York,	1803	1846
Buell, Anna M.	Ohio,	1837	1837
Buhrer, Stephen	Ohio,	1825	1844
Buhrer, Mrs. Stephen	Germany,	1828	1840	1889
Bull, Lorenzo S.	Connecticut,	1813	1820
Burgess, Catharine	New Jersey,	1800	1830
Burgess, L. F.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Burgess, Solon	Vermont,	1817	1819
Burke, Rachel C.	New York,	1820	1823

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Burke, O. M.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Burke, Thomas	New York,	1832	1839
Burnham, Thomas	New York,	1808	1833
Burnham, Mrs. M. W.	Massachusetts,	1808	1838	1887
Burnett, Mrs. F. M.	Ohio,	1832	1832	1888
Burton, Mrs. Abby P.	Vermont,	1805	1824	1889.
Burton, Dr. E. D.	Ohio,	1825	1825
Burton, Rev. Lewis	Pennsylvania,	1815	1847
Burton, Mrs. Jane W.	Ohio,	1821	1847
Burwell, Geo. P.	Connecticut	1817	1830
Burwell, Mrs. L. C.	Pennsylvania,	1820	1824
Bury, Theodore	New York,	1827	1839
Butler, Cordelia L.	Massachusetts,	1836	1840
Butts, Bolivar	New York,	1826	1840
Butts, Caleb S.	New York,	1794	1840	1888
Byerly, Mrs. F. X.	Ohio,	1842	1842
Cahoon, Joel B.	New York,	1793	1810	1882
Cahoon, Mrs. J. B.	Washington, D. C.,	1810	1842
Callister, J. J.	Isle of Man,	1818	1842
Callister, Mrs. M.	Isle of Man,	1824	1828
Cannell, John S.	Isle of Man,	1801	1828	1886
Cannell, Mrs. Jane	Isle of Man,	1800	1827
Cannell, Thomas	Isle of Man,	1805	1834	1884
Cannell, William	Isle of Man,	1811	1837
Cannon, James	Isle of Man,	1814	1827
Cannon, Mrs. James	New York,	1820	1822
Cannon, Jas. H., Sen.	Massachusetts,	1821	1833
Cannon, James C.	Ohio,	1841	1841
Capener, Dr. W. H.	England,	1831	1838
Card, J. F.	Ohio,	1815	1815
Carlton, C. C.	Connecticut,	1812	1814
Carran, Robert	Isle of Man,	1812	1836
Carson, Marshall	New York,	1810	1834	1882
Cary, Mrs. Mary S.	Canada,	1835	1838
Case, Zophar	Ohio,	1804	1818	1884

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Case, Geo. L.	Ohio,	1842	1842
Castle, Mrs. M. N.	Vermont,	1818	1838
Champney, Mrs. J. P.	Massachusetts,	1824	1841
Chandler, R. H.	England,	1823	1844
Chapman, Mrs. E. C.	Ohio,	1840	1840
Chapman, Mrs. Eliza Harris	New Hampshire,	1805	1827	1885
Chapman, Geo. L.	Connecticut,	1798	1819	1890
Chapman, H. M.	Ohio,	1830	1830
Charles, J. S.	New York,	1818	1832
Christian, James	Isle of Man,	1810	1838	1886
Clapp, H. H.	Ohio,	1812	1812
Clapp, Mrs. Thos. J.	Ohio,	1812	1812	1886
Clark, James F.	New York,	1809	1833	1884
Clark, David	England,	1818	1840
Clark, E. A.	New York,	1825	1835
Clarke, Aaron	Connecticut,	1811	1832	1881
Clarke, Mrs. Aaron	Connecticut,	1818	1843
Cleveland, Horace G.	Connecticut,	1837	1839	1888
Cleveland, James D.	New York,	1822	1835
Coakley, Mrs. H. D.	New Jersey,	1797	1814	1884
Coe, S. S.	New York,	1819	1837	1883
Colahan, Chas.	Ohio,	1836	1836
Colahan, Samuel	Canada,	1808	1814
Cole, David E.	Ohio,	1844	1844
Colyer, Lydia	England,	1820	1830
Condit, Mrs. Phebe	New Jersey,	1797	1807	1890
Cook, W. P.	New York,	1825	1838	1884
Cooley, Rev. Lathrop	New York,	1821	1828
Coon, John	New York,	1822	1837
Corlett, John	Isle of Man,	1816	1836
Corlett, Mrs. M. H.	New York,	1829	1833
Corlett, Rev. Thomas	Isle of Man,	1817	1827	1889
Corlett, Wm. K.	Isle of Man,	1820	1837
Cottrell, L. Dow	New York,	1811	1835	1889
Cottrell, Mrs. L. Dow	New York,	1811	1833	1888

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Cowles, Edwin	Ohio,	1825	1825	1890
Cowle, Richard	Ohio,	1827	1827
Cowle, Mrs. Richard	Ohio,	1833	1833
Cox, John	England,	1802	1832	1889
Cozard, Elias	New Jersey,	1790	1808	1880
Cozzens, Mary H.	Ohio,	1842	1842
Crable, Jno.	Germany,	1828	1833
Cranney, Miss C. A.	Ohio,	1821	1821
Craw, William V.	New York,	1810	1832
Crawford, Lucian	Ohio,	1828	1828
Crawford, Mary E.	Ohio,	1834	1834
Cridland, E. J. H.	Ohio,	1825	1825
Crittenden, Mrs. M. A.	New York,	1802	1827	1882
Crocker, Mrs. D.	New York,	1796	1801	1881
Crosby, Mary A.	Ohio,	1813	1813
Crosby, Thomas D.	Massachusetts,	1804	1811
Cross, David W.	New York,	1814	1836
Curtiss, L. W.	New York,	1817	1834
Curtiss, Mary E.	Ohio,	1821	1840
Curtiss, Samuel	England,	1822	1835
Curtiss, Mrs. Samuel	England,	1824	1830
Curtiss, S. H.	Ohio,	1846	1846
Cushing, Dr. Erastus	Massachusetts,	1802	1835
Cushman, Mrs. H.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Cutter, O. P.	Ohio,	1824	1824
Davidson, C. A.	New York,	1836	1837
Davidson, Mary E.	Ohio,	1839	1839
Davis, L. L.	Connecticut,	1793	1839	1886
Davis, Mrs. Cynthia	Pennsylvania,	1818	1839
Davis, Alfred	Sweden,	1814	1838	1885
Davis, Julia E.	Ohio,	1834	1834
Davis, Thomas	England,	1798	1819	1885
Day, L. A.	Ohio,	1812	1812
DeForrest, T. R.	New York,	1811	1834	1887
DeForest, Cyrus H.	Ohio,	1835	1835

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Degnon, Mrs. M. A.	New York,	1814	1837
Denham, J. L.	Scotland,	1810	1835	1884
Denham, Mrs. Elizabeth	New York,	1816	1835	1886
Denzer, Daniel	Germany,	1815	1832	1887
Denzer, Mrs. S.	England,	1824	1837
Detmer, G. H.	Germany,	1801	1835	1883
Deweese, Mrs. Mary A.	Ohio,	1836	1836
Dibble, Lewis	New York,	1807	1812
Diebolt, Fred.	Ohio,	1840	1840
Diemer, Peter	Germany,	1827	1840
Diemer, Mrs. Frederika	Germany,	1830	1840
Doan, Mrs. C. L.	Connecticut,	1816	1834
Doan, E. B.	Ohio,	1828	1828
Doan, George	Ohio,	1828	1828
Doan, Mrs. George	New York,	1837	1846
Doan, J. W.	Ohio,	1833	1833	1889
Doan, Norton	Ohio,	1831	1831
Doan, Seth C.	Ohio,	1819	1819
Doan, W. H.	Ohio,	1828	1828	1890
Doan, Mrs. W. H.	New York,	1833	1844
Doane, John	New York,	1798	1801
Dockstader, J. C.	Ohio,	1838	1838
Dodge, George C.	Ohio,	1813	1813	1883
Dodge, Mrs. G. C.	Vermont,	1817	1820
Dodge, Henry H.	Ohio,	1810	1810	1889
Dodge, Wilson, S.	Ohio,	1839	1839
Dorsett, Jno. W.	England,	1822	1832
Douw, Mrs. Melissa	New York,	1809	1831
Dow, Eliza A.	Ohio,	1828	1828
Downs, Mrs. Elizabeth	England,	1806	1834	1886
Drumm, Mrs. J.	Germany,	1813	1835
Dunham, David B.	New York,	1811	1831	1887
Dunn, Mrs. E. Ann	New York,	1828	1834
Dunn, Joseph	England,	1820	1834
Dutton, Dr. C. F.	New York,	1831	1837

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Duty, D. W.	New Hampshire,	1804	1808	1887
Eckermann, Caroline	Germany,	1807	1842
Eckermann, M.	Germany,	1808	1842	1890
Eddy, Mrs. J. Selden	Ohio,	1835	1835
Edgerton, Sardis	Massachusetts,	1808	1830	1890
Edgerton, Sardis, Jr.	Ohio,	1839	1839
Edwards, John R.	Ohio,	1842	1842
Edwards, Mary M.	Ohio,	1842	1842
Edwards, Rodolphus	Ohio,	1818	1818
Edwards, Mrs. S.	New York,	1819	1830
Elwell, J. J.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Ely, Mrs. Alfred	Massachusetts,	1837	1838
Emerson, Oliver	Maine,	1804	1821	1890
Emerson, Mrs. Oliver	Vermont,	1816	1845
Erwin, John	New York,	1808	1835	1887
Fairbanks, A. W.	New Hampshire,	1817	1835
Fairbanks, Mrs. A. W.	Ohio,	1828	1828
Farr, E. S.	Pennsylvania,	1805	1819
Farwell, J. J.	Vermont,	1821	1836
Ferris, William	Pennsylvania,	1808	1815	1890
Ferris, Amanda	Vermont,	1808	1820	1884
Fey, Frederick	Germany,	1810	1832	1883
Fish, Electa	New York,	1808	1811	1888
Fitch, James	New York,	1821	1827
Fitch, Jabez W.	New York,	1823	1826	1884
Fitch, Miss Sarah E.	New York,	1819	1826
Flint, E. S.	Ohio,	1819	1838
Flint, Mrs. E. S.	New York,	1824	1830
Foljambe, Samuel	England,	1804	1824	1889
Folsom, Mrs. R. L.	Ohio,	1825	1825
Foot, Augustus E.	Connecticut,	1810	1830	1883
Foot, John A.	Connecticut,	1803	1833
Foot, Mrs. John A.	Pennsylvania,	1816	1832
Foot, L. P.	Ohio,	1817	1817
Foote, L. P.	Germany,	1837	1848

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Ford, L. W.	Massachusetts,	1830	1841
Freeman, George	Vermont,	1817	1835	1889
Freese, Andrew	Maine,	1816	1840
French, Collins	New York,	1808	1828
Fuller, William	Connecticut,	1814	1836	1885
Fuller, S. A.	Ohio,	1837	1837
Gage, D. W.	Ohio,	1825	1825
Gage, Mrs. D. W.	Ohio,	1847	1847
Gale, Mrs. Susan	—————	1815	1834
Gardner, A. S.	Vermont,	1809	1818
Gardner, Mrs. A. S.	Ohio,	1814	1814
Gardner, George W.	Massachusetts,	1834	1837
Gardner, O. S.	Ohio,	1840	1840	1887
Garfield, Mrs. Sophia	Vermont,	1811	1811	1890
Gates, S. C.	New York,	1813	1824
Gaylord, Erastus F.	Connecticut,	1795	1834	1884
Gaylord, Mrs. Erastus F.	New York,	1801	1834	1888
Gaylord, H. C.	Connecticut,	1826	1834
Gaylord, Wilbur H.	Ohio,	1838	1838
Gayton, Mrs. M. A.	England,	1808	1832	1884
Gerould, Mrs. Julia Clapp	Ohio,	1843	1843
Gibbons, James	Ohio,	1840	1840
Gibbons, John W.	Ohio,	1844	1844
Gibbons, Mrs. M. B.	Ireland,	1829	1838
Giddings, Mrs. C. M.	Michigan,	1805	1827	1886
Giffin, Wm.	New York,	1815	1835
Giffin, Mrs. J. W.	Vermont,	1816	1833
Gilbert, Mrs. Mary D.	Ohio,	1830	1830
Gill, Mrs. M. A.	Isle of Man,	1812	1827	1889
Given, William,	Ireland,	1819	1841
Given, Mrs. M. E.	Ohio,	1825	1825	1884
Gleason, Isaac L.	Ohio,	1825	1825	1889
Gleason, Mrs. Isaac L.	Ohio,	1832	1832
Gleason, William J.	Ireland,	1846	1847
Glidden, Joseph	Vermont,	1810	1834

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Goodwin, William	Ohio,	1838	1838
Goodwillie, Mrs. T.	Ohio,	1847	1847
Gordon, William J.	New Jersey,	1818	1835
Gorham, J. H.	Connecticut,	1807	1838	1881
Graham, Robert	Pennsylvania,	1814	1834	1886
Granger, Mrs. Lucy	England,	1818	1832
Greene, S. C.	Ohio,	1822	1841
Greenhalgh, Robert	England,	1828	1840
Gribben, Mrs. John P.	Pennsylvania,	1814	1843
Griswold, Seneca O.	Connecticut,	1823	1841
Griffith, John H.	New York,	1836	1836
Groff, H. R.	Pennsylvania,	1827	1833
Guyles, W. B.	New York,	1815	1843
Hadlow, H. R.	England,	1808	1835	1890
Hall, R.	Ohio,	1827	1827
Hall, Mrs. Mariette	New York,	1829	1835
Haltnorth, Mrs. G.	Prussia,	1819	1836
Hamilton, A. J.	Ohio,	1833	1833
Hamilton, Edwin T.	Ohio,	1832	1832
Hamilton, Mrs. E. T.	Ohio,	1840	1840
Hamlen, C. L.	Ohio,	1840	1840
Hamlen, C. A. J.	Connecticut,	1804	1816	1889
Hammich, Mrs. David W.	Massachusetts,	1832	1840
Hanchett, Erastus	New York,	1828	1833
Handerson, Miss H. F.	Ohio,	1834	1834
Handy, T. P.	New York,	1807	1832
Harbeck, John S.	New York,	1807	1840
Harper, E. R.	Ohio,	1812	1816
Harper, Job W.	England,	1830	1835
Harper, Mrs. J. W.	Ohio,	1836	1836
Harris, B. C.	Ohio,	1832	1832
Harris, B. E.	Ohio,	1838	1838
Harris, Mrs. J. A.	Massachusetts,	1810	1829
Haskell, George H.	New York,	1801	1835
Hastings, S. L.	Massachusetts,	1813	1836

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Hawkins, Henry C.	Ohio,	1822	1822
Hawkins, J. W.	Ohio,	1822	1845
Hawley, Mrs. A.	Connecticut,	1826	1840	...
Hayden, Rev. A. S.	Ohio,	1813	1835	1880
Hayward, Wm. H.	Connecticut,	1822	1825
Heil, Henry	Germany,	1810	1832	1884
Heisel, N.	Germany,	1816	1834
Heller, Israel B.	Ohio,	1842	1842
Hemenway, Arthur,	New York,	1816	1836
Hendershot, Geo. B.	Ohio,	1826	1826
Henry, R. W.	New York,	1809	1818	...
Herrick, R. R.	New York,	1826	1836
Hessenmueller, E.	Germany,	1811	1836	1883
Heward, Mrs. Thomas	England,	1823	1835
Hickox, Charles	Connecticut,	1810	1837	1890
Hickox, Mrs. Charles	Ohio,	1819	1843
Hickox, Charlotte T.	New Hampshire,	1818	1862	1889
Hickox, Frank F.	Ohio,	1844	1844
Hight, Thomas M.	England,	1820	1844
Hill, John J.	Ohio,	1847	1847
Hillman, Wm. B.	New York,	1819	1831
Hills, Chas. A.	England,	1818	1843
Hills, Mary	Scotland,	1821	1843
Hills, N. C.	Vermont,	1805	1831
Hills, Mrs. N. C.	New York,	1811	1831
Hine, Henrietta	Ohio,	1810	1810
Hird, Thomas	England,	1808	1830	1882
Hird, Mrs. Wm.	England,	1816	1832
Hoadley, Mrs. J. R.	Ohio,	1815	1815
Hodge, O. J.	New York,	1828	1837
Honeywell, Ezra	New York,	1802	1831
Horton, Dr. Wm. P.	Vermont,	1823	1844
Hosley, Almira	Connecticut,	1826	1840
Hough, Mrs. Mary Peet	Ohio,	1815	1816
House, Caroline M.	Ohio,	1838	1838

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
House, Harriet	Connecticut,	1799	1818	1886
House, Harriet F.	Ohio,	1826	1826
House, Martin	Vermont,	1830	1835
House, Samuel W.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Howard, A. D.	Connecticut,	1803	1834	1887
Howe, Wm. A.	Ohio,	1839	1839
Howland, James	England,	1819	1846
Hoyt, George	Ohio,	1838	1838
Hoyt, James M.	New York,	1815	1836
Hubbell, Harriet	England,	1823	1824	1886
Hubbell, H. S.	Ohio,	1832	1832
Hubbell, Louisa	New Hampshire,	1808	1808
Hubbell, O. C.	Ohio,	1818	1818	1890
Hubby, L. M.	New York,	1812	1839
Hudson, Asa S.	Ohio,	1833	1833
Hudson, D. D.	Pennsylvania,	1824	1837
Hudson, Mrs. D. D.	France,	1825	1834
Hudson, Mrs. C. Ingersoll	Ohio,	1819	1819
Hudson, W. P.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Hughes, Arthur	Vermont,	1807	1840	1890
Hughes, Mrs. Eliza	New York,	1814	1844
Humphrey, Mrs. Judge VanR.	—————	1807	1807
Hurd, G. H.	Ohio,	1829	1829
Hurd, H. C.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Hurlbut, Mrs. H. A.	Vermont,	1809	1834	1882
Hurlbut, H. B.	New York,	1818	1836	1884
Hurlbut, Mrs. H. B.	New York,	1818	1836
Hutchins, John	Ohio,	1812	1812
Ingersoll, John	Ohio,	1824	1824
Ingham, W. A.	Connecticut,	1823	1832
Jackson, Charles	England,	1829	1835
Jaynes, Harris	Ohio,	1835	1835	1885
Jayred, Wm. H.	New Jersey,	1831	1833
Jewett, Alva A.	Ohio,	1821	1821
Jewett, Mrs. A. A.	Ohio,	1820	1820	1884

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Johnson, A. M.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Johnson, Charlotte A.	Pennsylvania,	1818	1821	1887
Johnson, Mrs. L. D.	Ohio,	1825	1825
Johnson, Mrs. Mary R.	New York,	1822	1833	1889
Johnson, Philander L.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Johnson, Seth W.	Connecticut,	1811	1833
Johnson, W. C.	Connecticut,	1813	1835	1885
Jones, Geo. W.	Connecticut,	1812	1820
Jones, J. D.	Ohio,	1845	1845
Jones, Mrs. Mary A.	Ohio,	1813	1813
Jones, Mary J.	New York,	1821	1835
Jones, Mrs. J. P.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Jones, Thos., Jr.	England,	1821	1831
Jones, W. S.	Ohio,	1837	1837
Keith, Myron R.	New York,	1819	1832
Keith, Mrs. M. R.	New York,	1824	1843
Keller, Elizabeth	Germany,	1817	1836	1889
Keller, Henry	Germany,	1810	1832
Kelley, Horace	Ohio,	1819	1819
Kelley, Mrs. Moses	Connecticut,	1807	1832	1889
Kellogg, Alfred	Ohio,	1820	1820
Kellogg, Louisa	Ohio,	1821	1821	1885
Kellogg, Elizabeth A.	Ohio,	1840	1840
Kelly, John	Pennsylvania,	1809	1832	1887
Kelsey, Lorenzo A.	New York,	1803	1837	1890
Kelsey, Mrs. Lorenzo A.	Connecticut,	1806	1837
Kerr, Levi	Ohio,	1822	1822	1885
Kerruish, W. S.	Ohio,	1831	1831
Keyser, James	New York,	1818	1832
Keyser, Mrs. James	Ohio,	1821	1821
Kidney, George H.	New York,	1827	1847
Kidney, Mrs. Virginia E.	Ohio,	1839	1839
Kimberley, David H.	England,	1842	1847
Kingsbury, James W.	Ohio,	1813	1813	1881
Kingsett, John	—————	1830	1841

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Lamb, Mrs. D. H.	Massachusetts,	1802	1837	1885
Lathrop, C. L.	Connecticut,	1804	1831
Lathrop, W. A.	New Hampshire,	1813	1816
Lawrence, O. C.	Ohio,	1823	1827
Layman, J. J.	Ohio,
Layman, S. H.	Ohio,	1819	1831
Leavitt, Charles	New York,	1815	1833
Leavitt, Mrs. Charles	Maryland,	1819	1832
Lee, Mrs. Ellen L.	Ohio,	1837	1837
Leggett, M. D.	New York,	1821	1836
Lemen, Catharine	Ohio,	1811	1815	1884
Leonard, Jarvis	Vermont,	1810	1834
Lewis, Chittenden	New York,	1800	1837	1886
Lewis, Edward	England,	1819	1841
Lewis, Mrs. Edward	England,	1819	1841
Lewis, G. F.	New York,	1822	1837
Lewis, Sanford J.	New York,	1823	1837	1882
Lloyd, Margaret	Isle of Man,	1815	1822	1890
Long, John	England,	1810	1842
Lowe, John K.	England,	1826	1836
Lowe, Thomas	England,	1830	1836
Lowman, Jacob	Maryland,	1810	1832	1881
Lyon, Mrs. C. P.	Ohio,	1828	1828
Lyon, Henry	New York,	1827	1837	...
Lyon, R. T.	Illinois,	1819	1824
Lyon, S. S.	Connecticut,	1817	1818
Lyon, Mrs. S. S.	Ohio,	1822	1822
Lyon, W. A.	New York,	1815	1835
Mackenzie, C. S.	Maryland,	1809	1836
Mallory, Daniel	New York,	1801	1833
Marble, Henry	Vermont,	1811	1832
Marble, Levi	New York,	1820	1830	1889
Marshall, Daniel	New York,	1824	1841
Marshall, Mrs. Daniel	Vermont,	1830	1841
Marshall, George F.	New York,	1817	1836

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Marshall, Mrs. George F.	New York,	1818	1842
Marshall, I. H.	Ohio,	1822	1822
Marshall, John	England,	1820	1844	1890
Martyn, Eleanor L.	England,	1826	1832
Masters, Thomas D.	New York,	1802	1823
Mather, Samuel H.	New Hampshire,	1813	1835
McConoughey, Mrs. S. P.	Ohio,	1837	1837
McCrosky, Mrs. S. L. B.	Ohio,	1833	1833
McFarland, D.	Ireland,	1818	1837
McIlrath, Alex.	Ohio,	1816	1816	1887
McIlrath, M. S.	New Jersey,	1805	1817
McIlrath, O. P.	Ohio,	1842	1842
McIntosh, Alexander	Scotland,	1808	1836	1883
McIntosh, Mrs. Alexander	Scotland,	1809	1836
McIntosh, H. P.	Ohio,	1846	1846
McKinstry, J. P.	Ohio,	1842	1842
McLeod, H. N.	Canada,	1831	1837	1886
McReynolds, Rev. A.	Ireland,	1805	1842	1885
Medary, Mrs. M. L.	Ohio,	1821	1821
Meeker, S. C.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Merchant, Silas	Ohio,	1826	1826
Merriman, Edward	Connecticut,	1819	1820
Merwin, George B.	Connecticut,	1809	1816	1888
Merwin, Mrs. G. B.	New York,	1818	1819	1890
Messer, John	Germany,	1820	1836
Messer, Mrs. John	Germany,	1822	1840	1888
Meyer, Nicholas	Germany,	1809	1834	1885
Miles, Mrs. E.	Ohio,	1816	1816
Miles, Mrs. S. C.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Miller, Mrs. August	New York,	1835	1844
Miller, Mrs. M.	Ohio,	1809	1820
Miller, Wm. L.	Ohio,	1829	1829
Minor, Marion	New York,	1825	1831
Moreau, Louis	New York,	1829	1846	1889
Morgan, A. W.	Ohio,	1815	1815

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Morgan, Mrs. A. W.	Ohio,	1821	1821	1890
Morgan, Caleb	Connecticut,	1799	1811	1885
Morgan, Mrs. Caleb	New York,	1816	1832
Morgan, E. P.	Connecticut,	1807	1840	1888
Morgan, H. L.	Ohio,	1832	1832
Morgan, Mrs. H. L.	Massachusetts,	1820	1833
Morgan, I. A.	Connecticut,	1809	1811
Morgan, Mrs. I. A.	Connecticut,	1815	1825
Morgan, M. J.	Ohio,	1835	1835
Morgan, Mrs. N. G.	Ohio,	1815	1818
Morgan, Sarah H.	Ohio,	1838	1838
Morgan, Y. L.	Connecticut,	1797	1811	1888
Morgan, Mrs. Y. L.	Connecticut,	1809	1827
Morley, J. H.	New York,	1820	1832
Morrill, Eliza	Vermont,	1811	1834
Morris, John	Wales,	1814	1842
Moses, Luther	Ohio,	1810	1810
Moses, Mary A.	Ohio,	1818	1818
Murphy, William	Ireland,	1810	1830
Mygatt, George	Connecticut,	1797	1807	1885
Neff, Melchor	Germany,	1826	1834
Nelson, Moses	Ohio,	1833	1833
Nelson, Sumner W.	Massachusetts,	1823	1834
Newmark, S.	Bavaria,	1816	1839
Nickerson, D. P.	Massachusetts,	1808	1835
Norton, Mrs. A. H.	New York,	1803	1840
Norton, Charles H.	New York,	1805	1838	1881
Norton, Mrs. Caroline H.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Nott, C. C.	Connecticut,	1826	1835
O'Brien, Delia R.	Vermont,	1813	1817	1882
O'Brien, O. D.	Ohio,	1819	1819
O'Brien, Sylvia M.	Vermont,	1815	1817
O'Connor, Mrs. Anna S.	Ohio,	1845	1845
O'Connor, R.	Ohio,	1824	1824	1884
Ogram, J. W.	England,	1820	1832

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Ogram, Mrs. J. W.	Ohio,	1825	1825
Outhwaite, Mrs. Jno.	Ohio,	1828	1828
Oviatt, Schuyler R.	Ohio,	1819	1819
Paddock, T. S.	New York,	1814	1836
Paine, Robert F.	New York,	1810	1815	1888
Palmer, E. W.	New York,	1820	1841
Palmer, J. D.	Connecticut,	1831	1835
Palmer, Lucinda	—————	1822	1830
Palmer, Sophia E.	Ohio,	1818	1818	1889
Pankhurst, Mrs. Sarah	England,	1812	1835
Pannell, James	New York,	1812	1832	1888
Pannell, Mrs. James	Massachusetts,	1813	1835
Parker, Henry	Ohio,	1824	1829
Parker, Mrs. Henry	Ohio,	1824	1824
Parker, Mrs. L. E.	Ohio,	1809	1809
Parker, M. C.	Connecticut,	1820	1839	1887
Parsons, Richard C.	Connecticut,	1826	1846
Payne, Henry B.	New York,	1810	1833
Payne, Mrs. Henry B.	Ohio,	1818	1818
Payne, Nathan P.	Ohio,	1837	1837	1885
Pearse, Benjamin	Rhode Island,	1813	1839
Pease, Charles	Ohio,	1811	1835
Pease, Mary E.	Connecticut,	1816	1835
Pease, Melissa •	Ohio,	1816	1816
Pease, Samuel	Massachusetts,	1805	1828
Pelton, Mrs. A. C. Doan	Ohio,	1825	1825
Pelton, F. W.	Connecticut,	1827	1835
Penty, Thomas	England,	1820	1829
Peterson, A. G.	Ohio,	1843	1843
Pettengill, Mrs. A. L.	Ohio,	1843	1843
Phillips, B. F.	Ohio,	1832	1833
Phillips, Mrs. B. F.	Ohio,	1835	1835
Phillips, Mrs. Emily	Ohio,	1809	1809
Pier, Mrs. L. J.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Piper, A. J.	Vermont,	1814	1839

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Pollock, John	Ohio,	1840	1840
Pollock, Mrs. John	Ohio,	1840	1840
Pope, William	Scotland,	1826	1837	1887
Porter, L. G.	Massachusetts,	1806	1826
Post, Nathan L.	New York,	1832	1847
Prall, Sarah J.	—————	1849	1849
Prentiss, Luther R.	New Hampshire,	1803	1820
Prescott, James S.	Massachusetts,	1802	1826	1888
Prosser, Rev. Dillon	New York,	1813	1832
Proudfoot, D.	Scotland,	1809	1832	1884
Proudfoot, John	Scotland,	1802	1842	1888
Quayle, G. L.	Ohio,	1842	1842
Quayle, Thos.	Isle of Man,	1811	1827
Quayle, Thos. E.	Ohio,	1836	1836
Quayle, W. H.	Ohio,	1838	1838
Quinn, Arthur	Ireland,	1810	1832	1883
Radcliff, Mary A.	Isle of Man,	1822	1826	1890
Ranney, Mrs. Annie	New York,	1811	1834
Ranney, Rufus P.	Massachusetts,	1813	1824
Ranney, W. S.	Ohio,	1835	1835
Ransom, C. S.	New York,	1810	1846	1888
Ransom, Mrs. C. S.	New York,	1810	1846
Rathburne, Geo. S.	Ohio,	1816	1816
Raymond, H. N.	Connecticut,	1835	1836
Redington, Mrs. C.	New York,	1821	1839
Redington, J. A.	New York,	1818	1839
Rees, Mrs. Elvira	New York,	1834	1835
Remington, S. G.	New York,	1828	1834
Repp, Philip H.	Germany,	1830	1840
Rhodes, Chas. L.	Vermont,	1809	1834
Rhodes, Mrs. Charles L.	Ohio,	1826	1826
Rice, Harvey	Massachusetts,	1800	1824
Rice, Mrs. Harvey	Vermont,	1812	1833	1889
Rice, Percy W.	Ohio,	1829	1829
Robinson, N.	Ohio,	1817	1817

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Robison, J. P.	New York,	1811	1832	1889
Roeder, Charles J.	Germany,	1819	1839
Rogers, C. C.	Ireland,	1813	1839	1888
Root, Ralph R.	New York,	1823	1835	1889
Root, Mrs. Ralph R.	New York,	1838	1844
Ross, Mrs. Emeline	Connecticut,	1810	1814
Rousch, Julia	—————	1837	1837
Rouse, B. F.	Massachusetts,	1824	1830	1887
Rouse, Rebecca E.	Massachusetts,	1799	1830	1887
Rowley, Lucy A.	Connecticut,	1805	1827
Rumage, Mrs. Eliza J.	New York,	1825	1833
Ruple, Mrs. Anna	Ohio,	1814	1814
Ruple, James R.	Ohio,	1810	1810
Ruple, Mrs. James R.	Ohio,	1814	1814
Ruple, S. D.	Ohio,	1808	1808	1886
Russell, C. L.	New York,	1810	1835
Russell, Mrs. C. L.	New York,	1822	1835
Russell, George H.	New York,	1817	1834	1888
Ryder, James F.	New York,	1826	1850
Ryder, Mrs. J. F.	Ohio,	1837	1837
Sabin, Julia Sophia	New York,	1843	1846
Sabin, William	New York,	1817	1839
Sabin, Mrs. William	New York,	1821	1838
Sacket, Alex.	Pennsylvania,	1814	1835	1884
Sacket, Mrs. Alex.	Ohio,	1815	1815
Sanderson, Robert	Ireland,	1811	1834
Sanford, A. S.	Connecticut,	1805	1829	1888
Sanford, Mrs. A. S.	Rhode Island,	1802	1825
Sargent, Chas. H.	Ohio,	1819	1819
Sargent, John H.	New York,	1814	1818
Sargent, Mrs. Julia A.	Michigan,	1827	1828
Saxton, Mrs. E. A.	Maine,	1821	1833
Saxton, J. C.	Vermont,	1812	1818
Saxton, Miss Mary	Ohio,	1828
Scheutthelm, John	Germany,	1822	1840	1888

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Schiely, Mrs. Anna	Germany,	1815	1832
Schrink, John	Prussia,	1821	1835
Scovill, Edward A.	Ohio,	1819	1819	1890
Scovill, Mrs. J. Bixbe	Ohio,	1800	1816	1888
Selden, C. A.	Ohio,	1831	1831
Selden, Mrs. Elizabeth	Ohio,	1819	1819
Selden, Mrs. Julia A.	New Hampshire,	1808	1819
Selden, N. D.	Connecticut,	1815	1831	1886
Severance, Mrs. Mary H.	Ohio,	1816	1816
Severance, S. L.	Ohio,	1834	1834
Sexton, Mrs. D. L.	New Jersey,	1811	1831
Shanklin, Mrs. Stella E.	Ohio,	1850	1850
Sharp, Clayton	Ohio,	1811	1833
Sheldon, S. H.	New York,	1813	1835	1884
Shelley, John	England,	1815	1835	1889
Shepard, David A.	Connecticut,	1810	1833	1889
Shepard, Phineas	Pennsylvania,	1800	1815
Shepard, Mrs. Wm.	Vermont,	1828	1835
Sherwin, Ahimaaz	Vermont,	1792	1818	1881
Sherwin, Mrs. A.	New York,	1828	1828
Sherwin, Mrs. S. M.	New York,	1809	1827	1886
Sherwood, Orasmus	New York,	1815	1817
Shipherd, Wm. C.	New York,	1829	1833
Short, David	Connecticut,	1818	1827
Short, Helen	New Hampshire,	1811	1828
Short, Lewis	Connecticut,	1811	1827
Silberg, F.	Germany,	1804	1834	1888
Silverthorne, J. H.	Ohio,	1829	1829
Silverthorne, Mrs. J. H.	Vermont,	1832	1839	1888
Simmonds, Wm. R.	New York,	1816	1830
Simmonds, Mrs. W. R.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Simmons, Isaac B.	New York,	1806	1836
Simmons, Thomas	Ohio,	1832	1832
Simmons, Mrs. Thos.	New York,	1834	1835
Sked, W. V.	England,	1816	1833	1888

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Skinner, O. B.	Ohio,	1831	1831
Slade, Horatio	England,	1827	1834	1882
Slade, Samantha Doan	Ohio,	1817	1817	1890
Slawson, J. L.	Michigan,	1806	1812
Smith, Elijah	Connecticut,	1821	1832
Smith, Erastus	Connecticut,	1790	1832	1881
Smith, James	England,	1813	1850
Smith, Mary L.	New York,	1817	1841
Smith, Mrs. P.	New York,	1829	1837
Smith, R. C.	Vermont,	1827	1835
Smith, Mrs. Wm. T.	Connecticut,	1814	1836
Smith, Wm. T.	New York,	1811	1836	1888
Smithnight, Louis	Germany,	1832	1849
Smithnight, Mrs. Louis	Ohio,	1837	1837
Smyth, Mrs. Wm.	Connecticut,	1811	1836
Snow, Mrs. A. M.	Ohio,	1825	1825	1889
Sorter, C. N.	New York,	1812	1831
Sorter, Harry	New York,	1820	1831
Southern, L. M.	New York,	1836	1839
Southworth, Mrs. E.	Connecticut,	1801	1819	1888
Southworth, W. P.	Connecticut,	1819	1836
Spalding, Rufus P.	Massachusetts,	1798	1820	1886
Spangler, Mrs. D. A.	Canada,	1820	1835
Spangler, Mrs. Elizabeth	Maryland,	1790	1820	1880
Spangler, George M.	Ohio,	1842	1842
Spangler, M. M.	Ohio,	1813	1820
Spayth, A.	Germany,	1800	1832
Spencer, T. P.	Connecticut,	1811	1832	1885
Spring, E. V.	Ohio,	1836	1836
Spring, V.	Massachusetts,	1799	1817	1889
Staats, Mrs. Elizabeth	Ohio,	1821	1821	1888
Standart, Alice L.	Michigan,	1826	1828
Stanley, George A.	Connecticut,	1818	1837	1883
Starkweather, Mrs. Samuel	Connecticut,	1810	1825
Starkweather, W. J.	Ohio,	1845	1845

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Stearns, Chas. W.	Ohio,	1839	1839
Stein, J.	Bohemia,	1823	1848
Stein, S.	Bohemia,	1823	1848
Stephenson, Wm.	Pennsylvania,	1804	1833
Sterling, Dr. Elisha	Connecticut,	1825	1827
Stevens, C. C.	Maine,	1819	1833
Stewart, C. C.	Connecticut,	1817	1836
Stewart, J. S.	Ohio,	1818	1818
Stickney, Carver	New York,	1820	1830
Stickney, Mrs. C. B.	Canada,	1836	1836
Stickney, Hamilton	New York,	1824	1830
Stiles, Lawson A.	Ohio,	1843	1843
Stiles, Mrs. Laura A.	Ohio,	1845	1845
Stillman, W. H.	Connecticut,	1808	1812
Stockly, Geo. W.	Ohio,	1843	1843
Streator, W. S.	New York,	1816	1817
Strickland, Benjamin	Vermont,	1810	1835	1889
Strickland, Mrs. Hannah W.	Ohio,	1812	1834	1889
Strong, Charles H.	Ohio,	1831	1831
Strong, Homer	Connecticut,	1811	1836	1884
Suhr, Charles A.	Germany,	1824	1848	1890
Taylor, Charles W.	Ohio,	1837	1837
Taylor, Mrs. Chas.	—————
Taylor, Daniel R.	Ohio,	1838	1838
Taylor, Harvey	Ohio,	1814	1814	1880
Taylor, James	Ohio,	1814	1814
Taylor, Robert	England,	1820	1848
Taylor, V. C.	Ohio,	1838	1838
Teachout, Abraham	New York,	1817	1817
Thomas, Jefferson	Ohio,	1809	1809	1885
Thomas, John L.	Massachusetts,	1805	1837	...
Thompson, H. V.	New York,	1816	1839
Thompson, Mrs. H. V.	Vermont,	1823	1837
Thompson, Harriet Thorpe	Ohio,	1835	1835
Thompson, Thomas	England,	1814	1836	1884

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Thorpe, Cornelius	Pennsylvania,	1797	1811	1887
Tilden, Daniel R.	Connecticut,	1806	1828	1890
Tompkins, Wm.	England,	1816	1842
Towner, Mrs. Kate D.	New York,	1820	1837
Towner, William	England,	1820	1837
Townsend, H. G.	New York,	1812	1834	1885
Truscott, Samuel	Canada,	1830	1839
Turner, Almon P.	Vermont,	1807	1818	1886
Turner, S. W.	Connecticut,	1813	1832
Turney, Joseph	Dublin,	1825	1834
Turney, Mrs. Joseph	New York,	1828	1830
Tuttle, Wm. H.	Connecticut,	1818	1819
Umbstaetter, Louis	Germany,	1812	1833	1888
Urban, J. P.	Germany,	1839	1846
Varian, Miss Sarah	Pennsylvania,	1825	1846
Vincent, John A.	Pennsylvania,	1807	1839	1888
Vogt, John J.	Germany,	1837	1846
Wackerman, Wendell	Germany,	1817	1833
Wade, James	New York,	1824	1843
Wadsworth, Mary York	England,	1793	1836	1886
Wadsworth, W. B.	England,	1818	1836
Wager, A. M.	New York,	1818	1819
Wager, I. D.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Wagner, F.	Germany,	1825	1842
Wagner, J. C.	Germany,	1829	1842
Wagner, Mrs. J. C.	Ohio,	1839	1839
Wagner, William	Germany,	1831	1842
Walters, B. C.	New York,	1807	1837	1888
Walters, John R.	New York,	1811	1834	1886
Walworth, John	Ohio,	1821	1821
Ward, E. M.	Ohio,	1821	1821
Ward, Mrs. E. M.	New York,	1832	1840
Warner, W. J.	Vermont,	1808	1831	1883
Warren, Mrs. J. W.	New York,	1816	1817	1884
Warren, Moses	New Hampshire,	1803	1815

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Warren, Mrs. Wm. H.	New York,	1819	1833
Waterman, Wm.	Ohio,	1818	1818
Watkins, George	Connecticut,	1812	1818
Watterson, Jno. T.	Ohio,	1828	1828
Watterson, Mrs. M.	New York,	1828	1829
Watterson, Moses G.	Ohio,	1835	1835
Way, Mrs. Huldah P.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Weidenkopf, Mrs. Celia K.	Germany,	1832	1838
Weidenkopf, Mr. F.	Germany,	1819	1837	1884
Weidenkopf, Jacob	Germany,	1828	1837
Weidenkopf, Mrs. O.	Alsace,	1819	1830
Weiner, Margaret	Germany,	1815	1848
Welch, James S.	Ohio,	1821	1821	1885
Welch, John	New York,	1800	1825	1887
Welch, O. F.	Ohio,	1817	1817
Wellstead, Joseph	England,	1817	1837
Welton, Mrs. F. J.	Vermont,	1817	1836
Welton, Isaac T.	Connecticut,	1803	1813
Wemple, Andrew	Ohio,	1825	1825
Wemple, Mrs. Andrew	Ohio,	1827	1827
Wemple, Myndret H.	New York,	1796	1818	1886
Wenham, Robert G.	England,	1823	1832
Wentworth, N.	Vermont,	1844
Weston, George	Ohio,	1819	1819
Weston, George B.	Massachusetts,	1805	1826
Wheller, Benj. S.	England,	1805	1836
Wheller, Jane	England,	1800	1831	1886
Whipple, R. B.	New York,	1815	1844
Whitaker, Charles	New York,	1817	1831	1889
White, Charles M.	Ohio,	1829	1829
White, Henry C.	Ohio,	1838	1838
White, John S.	New York,	1825	1837
White, Moses	Massachusetts,	1791	1816	1881
Whitelaw, George	Scotland,	1808	1832
Whittlesey, H. S.	Ohio,	1836	1836

Name.	Where Born.	When.	Came to Reserve.	Died.
Wick, C. C.	Ohio,	1813	1835	1882
Wick, Henry	Ohio,	1807	1807
Wick, Mrs. Henry	Ohio,	1809	1809
Wicken, John	England,	1809	1829
Wightman, David L.	Ohio,	1817	1817	1887
Wightman, Mrs. David L.	Ohio,	1822	1822	.. .
Wightman, John J.	Ohio,	1840	1840
Wightman, S. H.	Ohio,	1819	1819
Wightman, Mrs. Sarah L.	Ohio,	1824	1824
Wilcox, Norman	Connecticut,	1790	1827	1886
Williams, Andrew J.	New York,	1829	1840
Williams, Mrs. A. J.	Ohio,	1830	1830
Williams, Benajah	New York,	1820	1840	1890
Williams, Mrs. B.	Massachusetts,	1830	1838
Williams, Mrs. Elizabeth	New York,	1811	1833
Williams, George	Connecticut,	1799	1811	1890
Williams, John	England,	1817	1832	1888
Williams, William	Connecticut,	1803	1811	1888
Williamson, Sam'l	Pennsylvania,	1808	1810	1884
Williamson, Mrs. Sam'l	New York,	1814	1843
Williard, Mrs. Ruth Day	Ohio,	1832	1832
Wilson, Fred.	New York,	1807	1832
Wilson, Mrs. Hiram V.	Michigan,	1802	1835	1884
Wilson, James T.	Ohio,	1828	1828	1886
Wilson, William	Ohio,	1819	1819
Winch, Thomas	New York,	1806	1831	1886
Winslow, E. N.	North Carolina,	1824	1830
Wood, Mrs. D. L.	Michigan,	1821	1840
Wood, H. B.	New York,	1813	1817
Woodbury, M. H.	Ohio,	1811	1811
Wright, James	Scotland,	1820	1837
Wright, John	New York,	1817	1834
Younglove, M. C.	New York,	1812	1836

SUMMARY.

Total number of Members	893
Died	<u>232</u>
Living	661

HONORARY MEMBERS.

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- GARFIELD, JAMES A.—Late President of the United States; born at Orange, O., 1831; came to Western Reserve, 1831; died, 1881; home at Mentor, O.
- GARFIELD, MRS. LUCRETIA R.—Wife of late President Garfield; born in Ohio in 1832; came to the Reserve, 1832; home in Mentor, O.
- GARFIELD, MRS. ELIZA B.—Mother of the late President Garfield; born in Connecticut in 1801; came to the Reserve, 1830; home at Mentor, O.; died, 1887.
- HOADLEY, GEORGE.—Ex-Governor of Ohio; born in Connecticut, 1826; came to the Reserve, 1830; home, City of New York.
- WOOD, MRS. MARY.—Wife of the late Governor Wood; born in Vermont, 1798; came to the Reserve, 1818; home at Rockport, O.; died, 1886.
- TAYLOR, HON. LESTER.—Born in Connecticut, 1798; came to the Reserve in 1819; home at Claridon, O.
- EDWARDS, HON. JNO. M.—Born in Connecticut, 1805; came to the Reserve, 1832; home in Youngstown, O.; died, 1887.
- BISSELL, REV. SAMUEL.—Born in Massachusetts, 1797; came to the Reserve, 1806; home at Twinsburg, O.
- BOLLES, REV. DR. JAMES A.—Born in Connecticut, 1810; came to the Reserve, 1854; home at Cleveland, O.
- CROSBY, CHAS.—Born in Massachusetts, 1801; came to the Reserve, 1832; home at Chicago, Ill.; died, 1885.
- GREEN, REV. ALMON B.—Born in Connecticut, 1808; came to the Reserve, 1810; home in East Cleveland, O.; died, 1886.

THURMAN, ALLAN G.—Born in Virginia, 1813; came to Ohio, 1819; home at Columbus, O.

REEVE, DR. JOHN C.—Born in England, 1826; came to Ohio in 1832; home at Dayton, O.

YOUNGS, MRS. LYDIA O'BRIEN.—Born in Vermont in 1800; came to the Reserve in 1817; home at Stillman Valley, Ill.

BEEBE, LAUREL.—Born in Connecticut, 1809; came to the Reserve, 1818; home at Ridgeville, O.

PUNDERSON, DANIEL.—Born in Ohio, 1814; came to the Reserve, 1814; home at Newbury, O.

RIDDLE, HON. A. G.—Born in Massachusetts, 1816; came to the Reserve, 1817; home at Washington, D. C.

BRIGGS, JAMES A.—Born in New York, 1811; came to Ohio, 1832; lived in Cleveland from 1834 to 1857; home at Brooklyn, N. Y.; died, 1889.

WILLEY, MRS. ALMIRA.—Born in Massachusetts, 1803; came to the Reserve, 1808; home at Ashtabula, O.

BRONSON, REV. SHERLOCK AARON, D. D., LL. D.—Born in Connecticut, 1807; came to the Reserve, 1807, an infant in the arms of his mother; home at Mansfield, O.; died, 1890.

HANNA, MRS. S. M.—Born in Vermont in 1813; came to the Reserve in 1824; home at Cleveland, O.

TAYLOR, ROYAL.—Born in Massachusetts, 1800; came to the Reserve in 1807; home at Ravenna, O.

O'BRIEN, HON. W. L.—Born in Ohio, 1826; came to the Reserve, 1826; home at Cincinnati, O.

Total	23
Died	7
Living	16

CONSTITUTION.

AS AMENDED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF 1883.

ARTICLE I.

This Association shall be known as "THE EARLY SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION OF CUYAHOGA COUNTY," and its members shall consist of such persons as have resided in the Western Reserve at least forty years, and are citizens of Cuyahoga county, and who shall subscribe to this Constitution and pay a membership fee of one dollar, but shall not be subject to further liability, except that after one year from the payment of such membership fee, a contribution of one dollar will be expected from each member who is able to contribute the same, to be paid to the Treasurer at every annual reunion of the Association, and applied in defraying necessary expenses.

ARTICLE II.

The officers of this Association shall consist of a President, two Vice-Presidents, Secretary, and Treasurer, with the addition of an Executive Committee of not less than five persons, all of which officers shall be members of the Association and hold their offices for one year, and until their successors are duly appointed and they accept their appointments.

ARTICLE III.

The object of the Association shall be to meet in convention on the twenty-second of July, or the following day if the twenty-second fall

on Sunday, each and every year, for the purpose of commemorating the day with appropriate public exercises, and bringing the members into more intimate social relations, and collecting all such facts, incidents, relics and personal reminiscences respecting the early history and settlement of the county and other parts of the Western Reserve as may be regarded of permanent value, and transferring the same to the Western Reserve Historical Society for preservation; and also for the further purpose of electing officers and transacting such other business of the Association as may be required.

ARTICLE IV.

It shall be the duty of the President to preside at public meetings of the Association, and in his absence the like duty shall devolve upon one of the Vice-Presidents. The Secretary shall record in a book provided for the purpose the proceedings of the Association, the names of the members in alphabetical order, with the ages and time of residence at the date of becoming members, and conduct the necessary correspondence of the Association. He shall also be regarded as an additional member, *ex officio*, of the Executive Committee, and may consult with them, but have no vote. The Treasurer shall receive and pay out all the moneys belonging to the Association, but no moneys shall be paid out except on the joint order of the Chairman of the Executive Committee and Secretary of the Association. No debt shall be incurred against the Association by any officer or member beyond its ready means of payment.

ARTICLE V.

The Executive Committee shall have the general supervision and direction of the affairs of the Association, designate the hour and place of holding its annual meetings, and publish due notice thereof, with a programme of exercises. The Committee shall have power to fill vacancies that may occur in their own body or in any other office of the Association, until the Association, at a regular meeting, shall fill the same, and shall appoint such number of subordinate committees

as they may deem expedient. It shall also be their duty to report to the Association, at its regular annual meetings, the condition of its affairs, its success and prospects, with such other matter as they may deem important. They shall also see that the annual proceedings of the Association, including such other valuable information as they may have received, are properly prepared and published in pamphlet form, and gratuitously distributed to the members of the Association as soon as practicable after each annual meeting.

ARTICLE VI.

At an annual or special meeting of the Association the presence of twenty members shall constitute a quorum. No special meeting shall be held, except for business purposes and on call of the Executive Committee.

All nominations for honorary membership shall be referred for consideration to the Executive Committee, and only upon its favorable report thereon shall final action be taken.

This Constitution may be altered or amended at any regular meeting of the Association, on a three-fourths vote of all the members present, and shall take effect as amended from the date of its adoption.

